McKean County Miner

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MACEDONIAN SHOOTS DOWN COUNTRYMAN IN COLD BLOOD

Was He Insane or Was It a Deliberately Planned Murder?

WOULD-BE MURDERER CAPTURED.

Demetri Gusta Fired Charge of Shot Into His Friend, Angelo Nadelko, as He Reaches Top of Stairs at 8:30 Yesterday Morning in Mechanic Street House—Evidently Intended to Shoot the Other Man.

A shooting which will in all probability result fatally occurred in what is known as the Dyiatt building, located just south of the Mechanic street bridge in this borough, at about 8:30 o'clock yesterday morning, when Demetri Gusta, a Macedonian employed on the paving job, fired a charge of bird shot into Angelo Nadelko, a fellow countryman and friend.

Gusta had been complaining for several days of not feeling well and had worked but little on the pavement for the past week. Yesterday Angelo Nadelko did not go to work, but instead, came over to town with Costa Kireff, another Macedonian who had been discharged by Mr. Gipp, to find out how they could best arrange to get Gusta into the County Home or a hospital. They went to T. H. Purtle at the Commercial House, who gave them the desired information, and after purchasing some fresh eggs for the sick man they started back for the house.

When they reached the stairs they went quietly, thinking that Gusta might be asleep, he not having been able to sleep any to speak of for the past week. As Kireff, who was ahead, reached the top of the stairs he saw Gusta standing in the doorway of the bathroom which is at the end of the hallway and about fifteen feet from the head of the stairs. He had a single barrel shotgun in his hands and as soon as he saw Kireff he drew the gun to his face and fired. Kireff, realizing his danger, stepped quickly to the left into the door leading into the flat proper and the full charge of shot struck Nadelko in the lower part of the abdomen and both groins, inflicting terrible wounds.

The injured man fell and rolled down the stairs followed closely by Kireff, who assisted him to his feet as he struck the sidewalk and got him into the storeroom below. Others who heard the shooting and saw the injured man telephoned for officers and doctors.

Dr. Hamilton was the first surgeon to arrive. He got Nadelko onto a counter in the storeroom and proceeded to dress his wounds. He found him in a terrible condition. Fully 300 bird shot had entered his body and legs inside of a circle less than a foot in diameter.

At first it was thought that he could not live but a few hours at the most but in a conversation with Dr. Hamilton late in the afternoon he told the writer that he had a very slight chance for recovery. He was taken to the County Home this afternoon.

Immediately after the shooting Gusta ran into the living room of the flat, where he stayed until he was taken into custody. The street door at the foot of the stairs was locked to prevent his escape. And when the officers and a crowd of men arrived on the scene the question arose, how could he be taken without endangering the lives of those who made the attempt? He had shot his friend without any apparent cause and he was considered a raving maniac. The capture of a maniac in the second story of a building with guns and plenty of ammunition is not an easy problem and it is not surprising that the cooler heads advised caution.

A big crowd soon gathered about the building and many plans for his capture were discussed, but none were devised that did not have elements of danger. Some of the boldest talking ones, we noticed, managed to keep a big tree or something of the sort between them and the open windows of the place and many breathed easier when Charles Dickinson brought over his trusty Winchester for use in case Gusta took a notion to open fire into the crowd. But all was quiet inside and Gusta failed to show himself.

Officer Frank McCarthy offered to go in and get Gusta but others advised against it and the minutes dragged into nearly an hour. Finally the suspense became too trying for "Teddy" and he got the door open on the pretense of listening. He no sooner got the door open than he started up the stairs, followed closely by his son, Harold, our substitute police, J. J. Smith and M. S. Geary. "Teddy" slipped on the bloody stairs and his son dashed past him and into the room, revolver in hand. There he found Gusta and covering him with his revolver, ordered him to surrender.

Instead of giving up he made a dash for another room, with "Hal" close behind and just as he was reaching for his shotgun, the young officer grappled with his man and downed him on the floor. Chief McCarthy, Smith, Geary and ex-Chief Peter Bronk, who had just arrived on the scene, were in the room by this time and they soon had handcuffs on their man, and out [illegible] street on his way to the lockup [illegible] he is now awaiting the result [illegible] morning's work.

It was a mighty daring piece [illegible] to go in that place under the conditions and shows that Officer McCarthy and his son Harold [illegible] of the right kind of material for [illegible] ians of the peace.

Deputy Sheriff J. L. Morrison was also in the party and brought out two shotguns, a double barreled gun that was empty and a single barreled gun containing an exploded shell, which is evidently the one used by Gusta.

The writer saw Gusta in his cell in the lock-up soon after he was incarcerated, and he seemed more like a person dazed than a man bereft of his senses. For at least half an hour after he was locked up he stood in one position, gazing steadily at those outside the bars. He looked like a cornered animal at bay, afraid to turn his eyes away for fear someone would pounce upon him.

We understand that Gusta and his victim have only been in this country two or three months. Contractor Gipp informed the writer that he picked up most of these men around Crosby, Johnsonburg and St. Marys, but he did not know what place these men came from. Kireff formerly worked at Crosby and can talk considerable English. He was employed as a sort of interpreter for the other men.

There is much speculation whether this shooting was simply the work of a crazy man or a deliberately planned shooting. Costa Kireff was discharged by Mr. Gipp several days ago and since that time it is claimed that he has created considerable trouble among the men by claiming they must pay him ten or fifteen cents a day for getting them their jobs and acting as spokesman for those who do not know our language. It is further claimed that this matter caused a spirited fight among some of them a few days ago. If Gusta had become incensed over this matter he undoubtedly intended to kill Kireff when he saw him coming up the stairs. If not he must have been insane when he did the deed.

Last evening about seven o'clock Gusta attempted to commit suicide by strangling himself with a handkerchief. Officer Foote discovered him in time, however and removed everything from his cell with which he could do himself bodily harm and placed handcuffs on him.

It is not probable that he will be given a hearing until his victim either dies or gets better.

Wife of General Kane is Dead.

A dispatch from Kane dated May 25, says: Mrs. Elizabeth D. Kane, widow of the late Major General Thomas L. Kane, died at her home in this borough, this morning at seven o'clock. On Monday afternoon she fell into a deep sleep and so remained until her death. Two weeks ago the deceased underwent a surgical operation in the hope of relieving serious conditions that had developed, but there was no cure for her.

Mrs. Kane is survived by three sons, Elisha, Kent Kane, Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane and Dr. T. L. Kane. She and her famous husband, who was the organizer and leader of the Backtail regiment, located in Kane in 1864, founding the borough which has become one of the most prosperous of Western Pennsylvania. The deceased was prominent in the community and took much interest in all that pertained to the moral welfare of the people, as well as to their material prosperity. Mrs. Kane was energetic in the affairs of the Presbyterian church and her Christian zeal was a strong factor in her life's work. She was for many years honorary president of the McKean County Women's Christian Temperance Union. Members of that organization were deeply devoted to her because of the eminent services rendered to their cause and also because of her endearing traits of character. This same feeling was shared by all who knew this distinguished lady. She was a woman of splendid intellectual gifts and of rare culture—an ideal American woman as wife, mother and neighbor. Her husband, Gen. Kane, died in 1883.

The funeral services will be held Thursday morning at 10 o'clock by Rev. J. Paul Shelley, a former pastor, and will be private. Friends of the family will view the remains at the residence Wednesday afternoon.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

ANOTHER GOOD WELL CAME IN TH[illegible]ORNING

Loca[illegible] Lease on Henry [illegible]'s Farm.

[illegible] GOOD AS OTHER WELL.

[illegible] More of Sand and Makes [illegible]ood Showing as the Big Nellis, Hungerford and Heinlein Well.

The No. 1 well on the Glenn lease on the Henry Wright farm was drilled in early this morning and has every indication of being as good as the big well recently struck on the County farm by Nellis, Hungerford and Heinlein.

The well shows 22 feet of sand against 18 in the other well and the showing of oil is about the same. A driller estimates it at 12 or 15 barrel well after being shot, but the Nellis well was only considered to be a 10 barrel well before shooting.

This well is located about 500 feet from the Nellis well, and is a little west of due south from it.

Leasing and drilling will probably be lively here from now on.

BERNARD AMEND.

An Old and Esteemed Resident of Sergent Township Passes Away.

Bernard Amend, one of the oldest residents of Sergeant township, and a man highly respected by all who knew him, passed away at his home four miles from Clermont on the Wilcox road on Saturday, May 11, 1909, after an illness covering some time, due to the infirmities of old age.

The deceased was born in Krecheesen, Germany, on February 7th 1824, and was therefore past 85 years old. He came to this country in 1852. In 1853 he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret Hafner in New York and came to this county and settled on the farm in Sergeant township where he spent the remainder of his life. He was a plasterer and painter by trade and as long as he was physically able he followed his trade in connection with his farm labors.

His estimable and loving wife departed this life several years ago but he is survived by six children, namely, John resides at Wilcox, Jacob of Clermont, Martin who lives on the farm of his father, Mrs. E. F. Burdick of Pittsburg, Mrs. Thomas Maloney of Punxsutawney and Mrs. J. S. McCarthy of Smethport, who will long revere the memory of a kind, true, loving and just father.

Mr. Amend was a member of the German Lutheran church and a man who followed the teachings of his religion through life. He possessed a large hearted kind disposition and the highest standard of honesty and honor. He was loved and admired by a large circle of friends who will regret his demise even though he lived to a ripe old age. He was a man who inspired his friends and neighbors to be better and the world is better for his life.

The funeral services were held at his late home on Monday, Rev. Perkins of Colegrove officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in the family plot in Bayer cemetery, near Clermont.

Murderously Assaulted.

Probable murder was committed at James City, Elk county, yesterday afternoon. Chris McNally, who worked for the American Plate Glass company at that place, got into an altercation with foreman Harry E. Miller over instructions given by the latter concerning some machinery. McNally knocked the foreman down. The latter got up and started to run. He was pursued by McNally who struck him a double handed blow on the head with a piece of pipe, knocking him senseless. This happened about two o'clock and at eight o'clock last evening it was reported that Miller could not live two hours.

After striking the savage blow, McNally, fearing consequences, cleared out. He was last seen about half past two o'clock going over the hill toward Sheffield. The following description of the man has been sent out:

"Chris McNally, aged 26 to 28 years, height about 6 feet, weight about 180 pounds, square shouldered, walks erect, smooth face, beard of about two days' growth when last seen, grey eyes, brown oily hair, thin nose, draws up or curls upper lip when talking, has slight lisp, at least one gold tooth on side. If dressed in other than working clothes, will probably be found wearing light brown suit and derby hat. Has rather drawn features, not full face, fair skin; has wife and little boy about five years old at Jamestown, N. Y."—Kane Republican of Thursday.

Since clipping the above we have been unable to get any further information regarding Miller's condition, or the whereabouts of McNally.

Subscribe for the MINER.

FUNERAL OF COL. ROGERS.

Services at St. Lukes Church—Interment in Rose Hill Cemetery.

From the Kane Republican of Saturday we glean the following account of the late Col. Lucius Rogers, which in a measure shows the esteem in which he was held by the people of Kane and in fact the whole county:

Yesterday morning a delegation of veterans from Chas. J. Biddle Post, No. 238, G. A. R. assembled at the home of the late Lucius Rogers, where they acted as honorary pall bearers and escort the funeral cortege, to the depot, where the remains were placed on board the B., L. & K. train and taken to Smethport. There was a large number of prominent citizens who accompanied the sorrowing family and relatives on their sad journey.

When the train arrived at the county seat a delegation from John P. Melvin and the Smethport Posts met the party and marched to St. Luke's church where the spacious edifice was filled by sorrowing friends, who had assembled to pay their last respects to an honored and beloved friend and neighbor.

The body was met at the church entrance by Rev. W. F. Shero and Rev. I. H. Fairlee, and marched up the isle, the the choir singing the burial chant. Rev. Shero then read the lesson from the burial service of the Episcopal church, after which the choir sang another beautiful hymn. Rev. Fairlee then gave a short address, and spoke of the character and noble life of the deceased. The choir then sang, "A Few More Years Shall Roll," after which the creed and the prayers were spoken at the alter. The casket was then removed to the vestibule where the remains were viewed by sorrowing friends as they left the church. The body was then conveyed to Rose Hill cemetery where Rev. Shero spoke the committal service and closing prayer. The Grand Army of the Republic then took charge and the last sad rites were spoken from their beautiful and impressive ritual service by Mr. David Howells, of Kane, and Judge Thomas Morrison, of Smethport.

Thus has ended a life that had been full of well doing. A place has been made vacant which will be hard to fill, for Col. Lucius Rogers was a man of affairs, and his and progressive spirit left its impress in whatever community he was in. His memory will live long in the hearts of those who knew him best.

The honorary pall bearers were E. R. Sherman, J. L. Adam, H. H. Jone, Wm. Dobie, J. M. McElroy, F. M Davis, of Bradford; John Baldwin, William B. Baldwin, Duke Center; C. M. Slack, Eldred; S. G. Bush, J. H. Stull, Smethport; J. C. Malone, George Griffith, James E. Perkins, Kane.

The active pall bearers were, Dr. C. A. Dickenson, Claude B. Gillis, John S. Lanning of Kane Lodge, No. 566, F. & A. M.; Frank Potter, Carl Egelin, W. C. Collinge, Kane Lodge, No. 329 B. P. O. E.

The floral tributes were many and the pieces sent by the different orders to which the deceased belonged and by other loving friends were as beautiful as the MINER editor has ever seen on such an occasion.

Beautify Rose Hill Cemetery.

Some of the ladies of Smethport are making a decided effort to have the neglected lots in Rose Hill cemetery properly cared for. Many of these lots are occupied by dead whose relatives have moved to distant places, leaving no provision for their care. A correspondent sends the following relative to the matter:

Can there not be a conserted effort on the part of our citizens to improve the appearance of Rose Hill cemetery. Many of the plots are grown wild with tangled weeds and briars; graves are sunken, stones overturned and cast one side, and an air or general neglect is given the entire cemetery on account of these unsightly places.

The city of the dead is sacred to us all, for here in these "low green tents" repose all that is mortal of those whose name, fame and memory is dear to us. Our common brotherhood should inspire an effort to reclaim these waste places in God's acre.

Let us not lament our neglect nor wish someone else would repair it, but go to work and do it, and do it now.

More Machines in Glass Factory.

The Smethport Window Glass Factory has been shut down preparatory to installing several more machines. Those which have been in use for some time have proved most satisfactory, so it was decided to fully equip the plant.

When this factory starts again late in August or early in September it will have at least six of these machines and will employ a much larger force of men.

Easter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, small, gentle and sure. Sold by H. O. Wells, Smethport and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

MEMORIAL DAY TO BE OBSERVED IN SMETHPORT.

Exercises Will be Held on Monday Afternoon, May 31.

McKEAN POST, NO. 347, G. A. R.

Will Have Charge of the Program and Will be Assisted by Smethport Citizens—Exercises at Rose Hill Cemetery, Weather Permitting, at Court House If Not.

Memorial Day will be fittingly observed in Smethport on next Monday afternoon, May 31, and an excellent program will be carried out. The work will be carried out under the auspices of McKean Post, No. 347, G. A. R., and this organization will be assisted by other civic organizations, the Smethport High School and our citizens, which gives assurance that everything will be done in a most satisfactory manner, in the way of paying tribute to our honored soldier dead.

The officers on this occasion are: President of the Day, Hon. Thomas A. Morrison; Orator, Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, Marshall, Sheridan Gorton, Esq.; Aides Sons of Veterans, Spanish-American War Veterans and Volunteers.

One of the best, and undoubtedly the prettiest, features of the day is the parade which will form on Main street and start at 2 p. m. for the cemetery. It will consist of the members of the G. A. R., the Smethport Schools, the Fire Department, the I. O. O. F. and other organizations. The I. O. O. F. Band will lead the parade and also furnish music during the exercises. For the past few years the students and teachers of our schools have been taking part in the parade as well as the rest of the program and they certainly make the parade a thing of beauty.

At the cemetery the program is as follows: Selection by the band; prayer by Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church; address by the President of the Day, Hon. Thomas A. Morrison; music by the Glee Club; exercises by McKean Post; reading—Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg; music by the Glee Club; oration by Hon. Joseph W. Bouton; music by the Glee Club; "America" by Band and Audience; benediction by Rev. J. F. Dugan; Strewing of flowers, by Veterans and children.

Gypsies Pick Pockets.

For the past week a band of Gypsies has been visiting a portion of Tioga county and getting acquainted with the color of Tioga county money.

The female contingent of the caravan are said to be pickpockets of the slickest kind and several men have been relieved of their pocketbooks by them. At Holliday a few days ago one of the women stole a pocketbook from a prominent resident but he went after it and took it from her by force. Another man had his money taken but got it safely in his possession again but after the procession had moved toward the county seat he found that the pocketbook had been taken the second time. In Wellsboro several men reluctantly admit that they had been touched up for "small" amounts.—Galeton Dispatch.

These are probably the same Gypsies who visited this borough recently and whom Ottis Iron accused of relieving him of his pocketbook. However, he has one consolation, small as it is, and that is he was not the only man who got touched by these daughters of the desert.

Killed in Olean.

A shocking accident occurred at Olean Wednesday afternoon of last week, cost the life of William Zink, Jr., of Allegany. Mr. Zink, who was driving a team, had stopped his horses and they took fright and started to run. Mr. Zink, in his efforts to stop them, climbed out on the tongue of the wagon loaded with tile. While he was in this position the frightened animals crossed the traction company's tracks and jolted the driver to the ground, dragging one wheel across his head, and crushing his skull in a horrible manner. His death was instantaneous. He was 50 years of age.

Program of Commencement Week.

Class Day exercises, Saturday, June 5, 3:30 p. m. at school house.

Annual Sermon, Sunday, June 5, 7:45 p. m. at St. Elizabeth's church.

Commencement Concert, Monday, June 7, 8:30 p. m. at Lyceum.

Commencement Exercises, Tuesday, June 8, 8:30 p. m. at Lyceum.

Barnum & Bailey's Circus at Olean June 11th.

Account Barnum & Bailey's circus at Olean, June 11th, P., S. & N. R. R. will run excursion on regular trains. Fare from Smethport $1.00. Train leaves 8:33 a. m. Jos. T. Odell, Genl. Pass. Agent.

MICHAEL CARUSO SHOT.

Intruder Under a Bed, on Being Discovered, Fired at Him—Two Arrests.

Monday's Bradford Era says: Michael Caruso of Hilton street, is a patient at the hospital, suffering from a revolver shot which passed through the back part of his left arm near the elbow and entered his side back of the heart lodging under the shoulder blade. The bullet is imbedded there but its effects will not be fatal. It barely escaped a large artery.

In the lockup is Patsey Moricco of Johnsonburg, who is suspected of having done the shooting. He says he is not guilty. In the women's part of the city prison, Mrs. Michael Caruso, alleged to be the woman in the case, is held as a witness.

The shooting occurred Sunday evening at the home of Caruso on Hilton street. Caruso works nights at the Erie shops and Sunday evening at about five o'clock he went to his work. He had learned, meanwhile, that the man from Johnsonburg was in the city and having previously suspected Moricco of being an ardent admirer of Mrs. Caruso, he concluded during the evening that he would go to his home and ascertain if there was not a visitor there. It was then about 9 o'clock. As he approached the house he observed that everything in and about the building was dark. No light was burning. He entered the house and looked about, having lighted a piece of paper. In his search he looked under a bed—and there he saw the form of a man.

He was about to do a little rough work with the intruder, then and there, but was not given a chance. A flash of a revolver in the hands of the visitor startled him and a stinging pain in his left arm and side apprised him that he was shot.

Caruso was unarmed and he promptly retreated. An alarm was given and the police were notified. Caruso was taken to the hospital in Still's ambulance and Dr. Joseph who had been called, rendered the man surgical attention.

Meanwhile the police did some good work and finding Moricco, the suspect, on Edgett street, took him to the hospital for Caruso to identify as the shooter. Caruso did not positively recognize the Johnsonburg man as the person who had shot him, but said Moricco was probably the guilty person. He had had only a brief glance at him in the dark room by means of the burning paper and the flash of the shooter's gun. He said he was reasonably sure that Moricco was the right man. Moricco was then taken to the lockup and held as a suspect.

Mrs. Caruso was also taken to the city building. Through an interpreter (she like the other principals being Italian) Mrs. Caruso stated that she was not in the house during the evening and that she did not know there was a man under the bed when her husband came. She probably knows more about the case than she admits. She is young and the mother of five children.

When arrested Moricco had no revolver in his possession, but he had a knife. He boarded with the Carusos in Johnsonburg two years ago.

Frank Pasquito, a friend of Moricco's, who came from Johnsonburg Saturday, was arrested at midnight, also as a suspect. He and Moricco or two who looked exactly like them were seen running from Caruso's house just after the shooting.

Boy Badly Injured.

George Weidert, a twelve-year-old lad of Rasselas, was hit by a pusher on the B., R. & P. last night about 7:00, as a result of which he will lose both legs. He was walking on the track, and stepped out of the way of a north bound freight, and was hit by the pusher which was returning down the hill. He was picked up and cared for as well as possible by the engine crew, and was taken to Johnsonburg where he received first aid at the office of Dr. Palmer, later taken to the Ridgway hospital, where it is the intention to perform an operation. The left leg was crushed at the knee, while the other one was injured at the ankle. He is a bright young lad and will receive the sympathy of every one.—Johnsonburg Press.

We believe this unfortunate boy is a son of John Weidert, who years ago was a well known lumber jobber on Potato creek.

G. A. R. Attention.

Smethport, Pa., May 24, 1909.

Order No. 1.

1. The Comrades of this Post will meet at the court house Sunday, May 30th, at 7 p. m., to attend services at the Baptist church, Rev. E. R. Turner, pastor.

2. Comrades will meet at the court house Monday, May 31st, at 1 p. m., in full uniform to carry out the program for Memorial Day exercises.

By command.

B. F. WRIGHT, Commander.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

Laundress wanted at the Grand Central Hotel, Smethport.

THE REJECTED STORY

By MAUD MACMILLAN.

[Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.]

Some young ladies decide to become literary only after having given the matter as much as half a day's serious thought, but Miss Nina Harper saved eleven and a half hours by deciding within thirty minutes after reading a certain sketch of Ouida's.

As soon as pen and ink and paper could be procured she began work on a story, and before sunset on the same day it was finished and sent off to the waiting editor of a magazine.

Like Ouida, Miss Nina didn't start out to write for money. Her widowed mother had been left a fair competence. Like Ouida, she had a sudden desire to uplift sentiment and improve the social status of the world around her. Like Ouida again, she had thoughts and she wanted the millions to share those thoughts with her and profit by them.

This, in a way, was praiseworthy [illegible] half a dozen [illegible] nothing to [illegible] to be entertained and [illegible] wait for the [illegible] to touch her heart. Unfortunately for her, the various publishers [illegible] in her [illegible] were [illegible] for the [illegible] of sentiment, or for the [illegible] in the dollars. [illegible] was returned with [illegible].

[illegible] publisher [illegible] had [illegible] a literary [illegible] in the habit of sending back [illegible] manuscript he was very [illegible]. Some young ladies would have [illegible] right there and turned [illegible], but Miss Nina [illegible]. She shut her [illegible] and determined not to be [illegible]. At the same time she determined [illegible] that editor if ever opportunity offered.

In this determination she was backed and encouraged by Fred Waterman, one of her admirers, to whom she showed the manuscript and related how it had been chucked back at her as if it had been copy for a family almanac. Fred was a lisper in his speech, but that only made his voice more [illegible] as he said:

"Miss [illegible], take my word for it that [illegible] beyond Ouida even [illegible]. It is glorious! It is [illegible]. It is enjoyable! I feel [illegible] after having heard it read."

"[illegible] publish it?" protested the girl.

"[illegible] don't you [illegible]. It's beyond the editor. He isn't up to the sentiment of it."

This declaration [illegible] Miss Nina, and she selected another publication and another editor. Mr. Waterman's generous offer to call on and punch the head of the first editor was declined on the ground that the said editor might already have repented his haste in returning the manuscript.

The story came back from the second publication just as a request for charity would have been returned—"not just what we are looking for." It hurt and humiliated, but it did not quench. Ouida's first dubious little sketches went begging. Miss Nina shed one tear, doubled up her fists and consulted Mr. Horace Elkins.

Mr. Elkins was another admirer, though he didn't lisp. He had on many occasions written the menu cards for entertainments and therefore was admired as a literary man. He read the manuscript with the utmost care, looked at the back of each page as he laid it down and then announced his solemn verdict:

"My dear Miss Harper, it is grand! It is a gem! Indeed, the only fault possible to be found is that it is too gemmy. The modern magazine editor is not up to it. It is as far beyond him as Shakespeare is beyond the average farmer's hired man. For no other reason was it returned to you. What! A gem like this crowded among the mawkish love stories in which the heroines cannot talk ten words without making a grammatical blunder! Heaven forbid!"

"But if they won't publish it how can I get it before the people?" asked the author with anxiety in her tones.

"I could call on those editors and call them ignoramuses and scoundrels; I could prove to them that they were suppressing the brightest and most charming thoughts of the century."

"But that would anger them."

Mr. Elkins picked up the manuscript and carefully studied the backs of the pages again and then sighed and raised his eyes to heaven. He didn't say *so in so many* words, but his attitude plainly betokened that he was out of it.

Two days elapsed, and then the story was sent away again. There surely must be one editor in the country who could rise to the sentiment of it. In due time, which was about a week, it came back for the third time. There was a cold blooded type-written notice inclosed to the effect that its rejection did not signify any lack of literary merit, but there was no consolation in this. Indeed, if it did not lack literary merit, why not publish it?

This question was asked of young Sanger, a third caller and admirer, and he promptly replied:

"Because it is Ouida over again, and you know the jealousy against Ouida. All these magazine editors are a trust. They won't permit a new writer to enter the field and make a reputation. Why, Miss Harper, I once wrote a story and sent it away and had it come back on me twenty four times. But for this jealousy I might have been a Wilkie Collins in time. Have I got the name right? Was it Wilkie or Tom Collins? Have you spoken to Mr. Granger on the matter of the story?"

"Why, no! And that's funny, because I've heard that he was a literary man. He hasn't called here for two or three weeks, now [illegible]."

"He is the editor of the very magazine that sent it back to you for the third time."

"Then—then—when he calls again"—And Miss Nina's eyes flashed, and she flushed up, and she didn't have to finish the sentence to make young Sanger understand that there would be something doing.

Mr. Granger had been an acquaintance and a caller for a year or more. He had made a pleasant impression at least, and if he had not talked shop during his calls and brought in his literary connections it was a tribute to his sense and modesty.

Nothing more was to be done with the story until he called, but Miss Nina made a memorandum and kept it before her. It read:

"Never read another copy of the —— Magazine.

"When Mr. Granger calls have it out with him. If he cannot rise to you intellectually it will be better if he remains away."

In the course of a couple of weeks Mr. Granger dropped in. He arrived at an opportune moment—that is, Miss Nina was reading her written thoughts over again for the hundredth time and realizing the loss to the world by their not being published.

She had not armed herself with any deadly weapon. A woman doesn't have to in such a case. This one entered the drawing room with manuscript in hand. She made a frigid bow and extended a cold hand. It was as if she were greeting a man who held a second mortgage on the mansion.

Of course Mr. Granger noticed his reception, but not being conscious of any social dereliction he exerted himself to thaw out the atmosphere. He had come to believe he was succeeding when the manuscript was thrust into his hands and an icy voice commanded:

"Sir, read that, if you please!"

"Certainly. With the greatest pleasure. U'm! U'm! This seems to be a story."

"It is a story!"

"Some young lady friend of yours making a first effort?"

The question was treated with contempt.

"U'm! U'm! Seems to be a combination of essay and moral lecture. Written by some young lady to read at commencement or before a club. Two or three beautiful thoughts. I can't have seen it before, and yet it reads familiar."

"It ought to, sir!"

"But—but I really believe I have read parts of it somewhere at some time."

"You have. It was sent to your magazine for publication."

"Ah, that is it, and I sent it back, of course?"

"Yes, you sent it back."

"You see, Miss Harper, it isn't a story, nor a sketch, nor an essay, but please say to the young lady that she is to be complimented on her beautiful ideals. I am sure she must be a lovely and charming girl. Indeed, I would very much like to know her."

"But, Mr. Granger, if she is to be complimented on her ideals why did you send the story back? Why throttle her aspirations and ambitions at the very start? As a first effort it may lack in plot or construction, but couldn't you have remedied that with a little trouble and felt the pride of bringing out a new authoress?"

"I—I think," he answered after a moment, "that I was a bit selfish about it, and I hope you will forgive me. I sent it back because I preferred to bring out a wife rather than an authoress!"

A day or two later young Waterman, who had heard that Miss Nina was going to give Mr. Granger "fits," called to see if he had got what was coming to him yet. On leaving the house he shook hands vigorously and effusively and said:

"No, isn't it lovely to be in love and engaged? I came around to pop the question myself, but it has been popped, and so I will say no more except that I am sincerely thine."

Why Mrs. Adams Was Not Home.

The Rev. Dr. Smith was acknowledged a great preacher, and he was also a close student. But he was no pastor and had a horror of making pastoral calls. One day he heard an address which convinced the dear old man that by not visiting his parishioners he had not perhaps fulfilled his duties as a spiritual leader. So he determined to call on each member of his church, and, taking the roster of the church, he decided to do it alphabetically. The first name was Mrs. Adams, so to Mrs. Adams' house resolutely went the faithful pastor next afternoon. But Mrs. Adams was not at home, said the maid.

"Not at home?" echoed the pastor.

"N-n-o, sir," answered the somewhat embarrassed girl.

But the pastor, not knowing why she was embarrassed, thought perhaps the girl was "fibbing," so he persisted.

"When will Mrs. Adams return?" he asked.

"I really don't know," answered the maid.

"You don't know?" asked the pastor. "Have you no idea about when?"

"Well, not exactly, doctor," replied the maid. "She may return by 5 o'clock. You see, she's at the cemetery burying her husband."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Wild Surmise.

"What do you suppose the first message from Mars will be?"

"What's the score?"—Sporting Life.

More Than Pleased.

"Did Miss Flavilla seem pleased when you asked her to go to the theater?"

"Pleased! She wanted to keep the tickets for fear something might happen to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gallant.

Beautiful Widow—Do you know, I'm forty years old today. Gallant Bachelor—Madam, you are just twenty. I never believe more than half of what I hear.

Saturate yourself with the philosophy of optimism. It softens the kicks and takes the far off the bumps.—Detroit Free Press.

WALL STREET WAYS.

Methods of a Brilliant Operator of Many Years Ago.

One of the most brilliant operators of Wall street in the early sixties of the last century was Walter Wellman Morse, though he was by comparison with some of the gray haired market veterans only a mere boy, being just thirty years of age. The public confidence he enjoyed made it possible for him to realize profits in any stock.

Such was the influence his indorsement would carry that after he had accumulated stock at his prices he could tell his daily callers that the stock was due to go up, and immediately there would be enough professional and public buying of the stock to send it up, thus enabling Morse to unload at a profit.

An example of Morse's popularity was illustrated in a scene accompanying the opening of subscriptions for stock in a coal mining company organized by him. The day the subscription book was opened people flocked to the office and fought with each other in their efforts to enter and get their names recorded. One man who had subscribed for a large amount of the stock, after getting away from the crowd, came back and, walking up to Mr. Morse, said, "I say, Mr. Morse, was that coal or [illegible] stock I subscribed for?"—Moody's Magazine.

BIRDS AS SCOUTS.

A Gypsy's Warning Before the Battle of Sadowa.

During the night of July 2[illegible], before the battle of [illegible] division [illegible] ed by the [illegible], [illegible] before the Prussian army, had bivouacked [illegible]. At midnight the archduke, who was resting in a peasant's cottage, was awakened by the arrival of a gypsy who insisted on seeing him personally, having come to report the advance of the enemy.

The archduke, who spoke Romany fluently, asked: "How do you know? Our outposts have not reported any movement."

"That, your highness, is because the enemy is still some way off."

"Then how do you know?"

The gypsy, pointing to the dark sky lighted by the moon, observed: "You see those birds flying over the woods from north to south?"

"Yes. What of them?"

"Those birds do not fly by night unless disturbed, and the direction of their flight indicates that the enemy is coming this way."

The archduke put his division under arms and reinforced the outposts, which in two hours' time were heavily attacked.—Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood in London Saturday Gazette.

Some Prophecies Fulfilled.

Long before his name was known outside his native country Oliver Cromwell was making one of his rambling speeches in the house of commons. Lord Digby asked Hampton who he was, and Hampton replied, "If ever we should come to a breach with the king, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." Never was any prophecy more completely fulfilled than this.

Almost equally remarkable in its way was Disraeli's prophecy, "But a time will come when you will hear me," made when nothing appeared more unlikely than the brilliant series of triumphs which fulfilled it.

Another instance of a quickly fulfilled prophecy was furnished by Pope Pius VII, when he was told of Napoleon's escape from Elba. "Don't worry about it," he said; "it is a storm that will be over in three months." The story of the hundred days proved his holiness to be right to a few hours.

He Got None.

"What's a pun, father?"

"A pun, my son, is a play upon words. There are three kinds of puns—good ones, which you laugh at; indifferent ones, which you take no notice of, and bad ones, which make you throw something at the punster."

"Can you make a pun, father?"

"Of course, my son! Now, you're thinking about your supper, aren't you?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, that's supper-most in your mind, at the present time. That, you see, is a play on— Here, you young rascal, what did you throw that book at me for?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Frog Farming In France.

Among the advantages of frog farming in France is the fact that it enables persons of limited means to utilize marshes and ponds which are too shallow and warm for fish culture and practically useless for any other purpose and produce on a comparatively small area a large amount of valuable food material for which there is always an eager market.

Hunted the Hunter.

"Is it really true," asked Miss Chellus, "that you're engaged to Mr. Richley?"

"It is," calmly replied Miss Bute.

"My," exclaimed Miss Chellus, "he was a great catch!"

"I beg your pardon," retorted the other haughtily; "catcher."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Objects of General Interest.

"Those flashy Van Punks have moved. Do you know where they went?"

"That's the very thing their unhappy landlord asked me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The poet's verse slides into the current of our blood. We read it when young, we remember it when old.—Smiles.

His Dilemma.

"I'm in a difficulty over my girl."

"What's wrong?"

"I've been saying such nice things to her that she's getting conceited. If I stop she'll think I don't care for her any longer, and if I go on she'll think she's too good for me."—London Mail.

BEAVERS' HOMES.

How the Ingenious Little Builders Construct Their Houses.

When the beavers' dams are completed, the animals separate into small companies to build cabins or houses for themselves. These are constructed upon piles along the borders of the pond. They are of an oval shape, resembling a beehive, and they vary from five feet to ten feet in diameter, according to the number of families they are to accommodate.

These dwellings are never less than two stories high, generally three, and sometimes they contain four apartments. The walls of these are from two feet to three feet thick, formed of the same materials as the dams. On the inside they are made smooth, but left rough without, being rendered impenetrable to [illegible]

The lower [illegible] about two feet high, the seco[illegible] ed by a floor of sticks cove[illegible], and the upper part [illegible] arched roof. Through [illegible] is a passage, and th[illegible] is always above the [illegible]. Each of these huts [illegible] on the land side to [illegible] ing out and seeking [illegible] way, another under the [illegible] low where it freezes to [illegible] communication with the p[illegible] lish Magazine.

FLOATING A WHALE.

Inflating the Monster Carcass to Keep It on the Surface.

"Then began the work of bringing the whale to the surface and blowing it up so that it would float," says a writer on whaling in Popular Mechanics. "Taking a hitch about a convenient post, the rope was slacked and run through a pulley block at the masthead to relieve the strain of raising the great body. The winch was set in motion and for fifteen minutes nothing was heard save the monotonous grind as fathom after fathom of line was wound in. When the body was brought alongside the lobes of the flukes were cut off and lifted to the deck. Then a long coil of small rubber hose, one end of which was attached to a pump and the other to a hollow, spear pointed tube of steel with perforations along its entire length, was brought into play. The spear was jabbed well down into the whale's side, the air pump was started, and the body slowly filled with air. When inflated sufficiently to keep it afloat, the tube was withdrawn, the incision plugged with oakum and the chains cast off. A buoy with a flag was then attached to the carcass and the whole set adrift to be picked up at the end of the day's hunting."

A Previous Specimen.

He—If I'd known how sarcastic you were I never should have married you. She—You had a chance to notice it. Didn't I say, "This is so sudden," when you proposed to me after four years' courtship?—Boston Transcript.

A Heroine.

Ella—Bella never passes a mirror without looking into it. Stella—Brave girl!—Harper's Weekly.

His Mild Resistance.

Magistrate—Did you arrest the prisoner, McNutty? Officer McNutty—Of did, yer honor. Magistrate—Did he offer any resistance? Officer McNutty—Only $2, yer honor.—Chicago News.

What He Wanted.

Young Mr. Charles was plainly embarrassed, and Miss Smith knew what was coming, or thought she did.

"Er—Miss Smith," he said feverishly, "could I—er—see your father for a moment or two?"

"Certainly, Mr. Charles!" And, excusing herself, she swept from the parlor.

Presently the old man came in, and, after a short conversation with Mr. Charles, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

Mr. Charles, whose face was radiant, said, "As I have a long ride before me I think I will say good night."

"Oh, papa," pleaded the girl immediately her lover disappeared, "did he—did you"—

"I did," broke in the old man.

His daughter fell on his neck and kissed him. He held her at arm's length.

"I did," he repeated. "I lent him fourpence to get home with—that was what he wanted me for."—London Mail.

Origin of Surnames.

Surnames were introduced into England by the Normans and were adopted [illegible] the nobility about 1100. The old [illegible] used Fitz, which signifies [illegible] Fitzherbert. The Irish used [illegible] O'Neal, O'Donnell [illegible] Highlander used Mac, as [illegible] son of Donald. The Welsh [illegible] Ap Rhys, the son of Rhys [illegible]. The prefix Ap eventually was coalesced with the name of the father: Price, Prys, Pritchard, etc. The northern nations added the word son to the father's name, as Williamson. Many of the most common surnames [illegible] Nicholson [illegible] were taken by the [illegible] and others [illegible] the reign of Henry VI. [illegible]

The Sycamore.

The sycamore was once called the Egyptian fig-tree. The date of its being planted in England is not known, but it was very early. Mary, queen of Scots, brought over from France a young sycamore, which she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this have sprung all the beautiful groves of sycamores now to be seen in Scotland.—St. James' Gazette.

The Dragon Tree.

The dragon tree of Teneriffe is perhaps the strangest vegetable in the world. It is thought to be a kind of giant asparagus, whose dead branches serve as a support for the crowns. New roots as they come into being encircle and conceal the original stem, which is far away inside, and the roots which become detached from the stem may be seen hanging withered in the upper tree. The trunk is generally hollow, and in the case of an old tree which was destroyed in 1867 there was a spacious chamber which had served the natives as a temple for generations. The tree was forty-eight feet around and ninety-five feet high and is supposed to have been originally watered with dragon's blood, which is the name now given to the sap. This is a regular article of commerce.

Not His Fault.

Madame—What do you mean by coming home at 3 in the morning? Monsieur—I assure you, my dear, it's not my fault. The cafe has only just shut.—Illustrated Bits.

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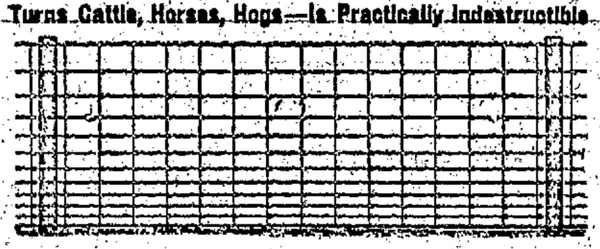

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 27, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held Wednesday, June 2d, at the usual time and place.

—The new cement floor in the basement of Fry & Comes store is a great improvement. A. E. Hackett did the work.

—Mrs. David Tarr, formerly of this place, died at her home in Coudersport a few days ago. She was 60 years of age. The cause of her death was consumption.

—The bondsmen of the late Lucius Rogers have appointed R. J. Sharp, an employee in the Kane postoffice, to act as postmaster until the successor of Mr. Rogers is appointed.

—State Lecturer E. B. Dorset will speak at the meeting of the County Grange which will be held at Crosby on June 2nd. County Superintendent B. S. Bayle will also deliver an address.

—The Supreme Court has decided that the village of Canisteo must pay to Mrs. Elmira Mack of Corning the sum of $3,500 for injuries she received by falling on a defective sidewalk. This should serve as a valuable lesson to all towns within whose limits there are dangerous sidewalks.

—While the funeral party was accompanying the body of Ira Bixby, a prominent citizen of Sharon Center, to the grave on Thursday afternoon, the doors of the hearse flew open suddenly, the casket shot out, one end striking the ground, says the Bolivar Breeze. The lid of the casket opened and the body of Mr. Bixby arose in a sitting position to the astonishment of the members of the family and friends. Some of the spectators screamed in fright at the unusual sight.

—The tanks at the Palmer Window Glass factory at Shinglehouse are being emptied and the fires will be put out the latter part of this week. Those best informed express the opinion that the shut-down will remain in force until next fall. The plant is now in the hands of a receiver and will likely be sold at foreclosure sale within a couple of months to satisfy the holders of the first mortgage bonds. The 80 gas wells owned by the company will be shut in if a market is not found for the gas.—Bolivar Breeze.

—"The Gate Keeper" is to be the name of a new newspaper which is to start soon at Wellsboro, Tioga county. We wish it success although it seems to us that the field is pretty well filled already.

—An exchange offers this problem: A man owed $1 and had but 75 cents. He went to a pawnbroker and pawned the 75 cents for 50 cents. He met a friend and sold the pawn ticket calling for 75 cents for 50 cents. He thus had two 50-cent pieces, $1 in fact, with which he paid the bet. Was anyone out, and if so, who and how much?

—Grasshoppers in large numbers have made their appearance thus early in Tioga county. Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Balch of this borough visited Knoxville friends last Sunday and Mr. Balch reports that he saw full grown grasshoppers in large numbers on the Knox farm 1½ miles west of Knoxville. The people there are said to be considerably alarmed and fear that so early an appearance of the pest indicates serious trouble and loss for the farmers.—Galeton Dispatch.

—Kneeling as though in prayer, Thomas Henneberry, who had been a guest at the Park Hotel at Allegany since last Wednesbay, was found dead in his room about 1 o'clock Monday afternoon. An attache of the hotel who had gone to call him to dinner found him dead in a kneeling position. Dr. Cassar Smith, the coroner, was called and after he viewed the remains he pronounced death due to an attack of heart disease. The man came from Kane, Pa., and was a cooper by trade, about 65 years old.

—Mrs. Miller H. Upson of Sacremento, Cal., has been granted a divorce from her husband on baseball groundf. Her husband devoted most of his time to rooting for the home team and forgot about his business and family. Mr. Upson will probably not worry much over the divorce. A man who is a true rooter naturally is more devoted to baseball than to such uninteresting business as that of looking after the affairs of his wife and family. He is occupied by duties of far greater importance. He is a public spirited citizen and a patriot.—Bradford Era.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by H. O. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

A GAS LEAK.

After Results That May Come From Hunting It With a Light.

The folly of hunting for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match is not so much because of the danger of an explosion as of other damage, as is shown by the experience of a householder not long ago.

"One or two small leaks were detected by going over all the pipes and holding a lighted match to them. The smell of gas ceased, but was replaced a few hours later by the smell of burning wood.

Another visit to the cellar showed a charred floor joist a little distance above a gas pipe. There was no apparent cause for this until a very close examination resulted in the finding of a tiny jet of gas which was issuing from the pipe beneath the beam.

It was lighted, but was so small as to be blue in color and nearly invisible. It had been lighted by the match used in the first investigation, but had not been noticed.

"If that leak had happened to be in a lead joint instead of an iron connection," said a gas man, "there would probably have been work for the fire brigade. The smallest possible jet of lighted gas issuing through lead will in time heat and melt the lead and make the leak larger until a big flame is issuing.

"This may make a fire hours later in the dead of night or at a time when no one is in the house. The only proper way to look for these very small leaks is to paint the suspected pipe with a smooth soap lather. Just as in the case of a bicycle tire, the tiniest leak will blow a bubble in the lather, and there you are." — London Telegraph.

MEXICAN JACALS.

Primitive Huts In the Villages of the Native Indians.

The Mexican Indian huts in the villages and upon the ranches of the lower Rio Grande border region of Texas have a style of architecture and construction that is distinctly their own. This type of primitive building is rapidly passing out of existence. At many places on the border families of Mexicans have abandoned their jacals and moved into more pretentious homes.

No money outlay is necessary in erecting the old style picturesque structures; neither is a knowledge of carpentry needed. A double row of upright poles firmly set or driven into the ground forms the framework for the walls. Between these two rows of poles are placed other poles or sticks of shorter length, forming a thick and compact wall. At each of the four corners of the building posts are set, reaching to a height of about eight feet. Roughly hewn stringers are laid from one post to another, and to these stringers are tied other poles that form the framework of the walls. The strong fiber from the maguey plant or strips of buckskin are used to tie the poles into position. The rafters are tied to the ridgepole and the stringers in the same manner. At one end of the building is built the opening through which the smoke of the inside fire may ascend. Stoves are unknown among these Mexicans, and the cooking is all done upon the ground.—Kansas City Star.

She Was Slow.

The shop assistant had shown and reshown the toys to the undecided shopper.

Rabbits, monkeys, jacks-in-the-box, jumping jacks, trains, velocipedes—everything had been displayed, manipulated, operated and explained to the shopper, but still she could not make up her mind.

"I wanted to get something suitable for my little nephew," she reiterated for the thousandth time.

"Yes, madam," responded the weary assistant. "You told me that when you came in, but I think your nephew has outgrown all these toys while you have been at this counter."—London Opinion.

His Translation.

A dignified elder of an Australian church was presiding at a charitable concert. A Miss Brown was to sing "Ora Pro Nobis," but at the last moment she changed her mind, and a note was passed to the chairman intimating that she would give "The Song That Reached My Heart."

He therefore made the following announcement: "Miss Brown will now sing 'Ora Pro Nobis,' which, being translated, means 'The Song That Reached My Heart.'"—London Chronicle.

No Hurry.

He—Then you have decided to accept the proffer of my heart and hand? She—Yes, dear. He—Thanks! You have made me the happiest of men, but we must have some regard for the old maxim and not be married in haste. She—Don't worry about that. I am perfectly willing to wait till next week.—Los Angeles Times.

Maple Drop Cakes.

Two cups of maple sirup, one-half cup of cream or milk, two eggs, one-half cup of melted butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a soft batter. Bake in gem pans.—Good Housekeeping.

The Announcement Followed.

She—They say there are germs in kisses. Now, what do you suppose a girl could catch that way?

He—A husband.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.—Dutch Proverb.

The Politician.

"Don't you know that no one listens to or reads your speeches?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "in that way I avoid making enemies." —Washington Star.

The battle is not to the strong alone. It is to the active, the vigilant, the brave.—Patrick Henry.

BUSINESS METHODS.

The Value of Imagination as an Industrial Asset.

Let us assume that tomorrow you decide to embark in the business of manufacturing a toilet soap to compete with some of the well known makers. It is important that it should have a significant or attractive name. But, right at the outset, you discover that it is almost impossible to secure any satisfactory name for a new soap. Its color, transparency and clearness suggest the title of "amber soap." Yes, surely, "amber soap" does have an attractive sound. But you cannot use the word "amber," for you find that this is one of a list of twenty-four possible names for a toilet soap preempted by registration as a protectionary measure years ago by one of the leading American soap makers. They have covered over a hundred names in the past quarter of a century, willingly paying the registration charges of $25 for every title. Of course they do not intend to use them. They register them to fight off competition, believing (and here is the important point) that no clever business man would embark in the enterprise of manufacturing a new soap when from the start he was prevented from employing the powerful weapon of imagination in giving it a suitable name. If an establishment like this, directed by some of the ablest heads in the business world, believes that it can discourage competition by simply depriving the would-be competitor of the appeal to the imagination in the naming of his soap, how great a value must we attach to imagination in business?—Lorin F. Deland in Atlantic.

TRAPPING RABBITS.

The Australian Method of Dealing With the Pests.

Rabbits are the greatest pest the Australian pastoralist has to contend against. If these rodents are at all numerous on a station property, they do enormous damage to the grass, but the pest is kept down to the lowest possible limit in every district of the commonwealth at great cost.

The most effective method of dealing with them is hereunder explained. In summer when any water that might have been lying about has been dried up by evaporation and the grass has become dry rabbits swarm toward the tanks, dams or other water holes that have been sunk for stock drinking purposes.

Pastoralists take advantage of this, and every evening after the cattle have partaken of their last drink a strip of wire netting is run around the tank or dam.

Outside this netting fence holes are dug in the ground and filled with poisoned water, and these in turn are inclosed by another strand of netting, pegged down to within a few inches of the ground, being sheep proof, but allowing plenty of room for rabbits to get under.

The rabbits make for the dam, but, as their way is barred, they drink at the poisoned holes, with to them disastrous results.

In the morning are to be seen hundreds and thousands of dead rabbits scattered about the country.—Melbourne News.

An African and a Boa Constrictor.

At M'Geta, German East Africa, a native who, like all those belonging to the tribe of the Waluguru, regarded snake flesh as an especial delicacy found a huge boa constrictor lying in the middle of a field. He confided the discovery to one or two others and arranged with them to kill it during the hours of darkness, so that they might enjoy the delicacy together. Toward nightfall the man, armed with a stick, attacked the huge serpent. The boa constrictor, aroused from its apparent torpor, suddenly seized the unhappy negro and slowly crushed him to pulp and then gradually swallowed him.

Tactless.

"When Clubber gets arguing he loses all tact."

"As for instance?"

"Why, last night he told an opponent who is lame that he hadn't a leg to stand on; another who squints that he was sorry he couldn't see things as he did, and a man who stammered he urged not to hesitate in expressing an opinion."—Stray Stories.

Color Blindness.

Forty men and four women in a thousand are either wholly unable to perceive certain colors or can recognize them only with difficulty. All attempts to overcome color blindness by educating the color sense have failed. There are three theories of color vision, all of which are based on the workings of the sensitive fibrils of the inner eye.

Odessa's Working Days.

The legal laboring day at Odessa, Russia, is twelve hours, with two hours for rest. Workers less than seventeen years old must go to school for three hours daily. Christians are not required to work Sundays or feast days nor Jews and Mohammedans on their holidays. Those who have to work on Sundays have the next day for rest.

Knew Her Weakness.

Master—John! Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Be sure you tell me when it is 4 o'clock. Servant—Yes, sir. Master—Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2:30, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she arrives.—London Answers.

The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom—to serve all, but love only one.—Balzac.

Loving Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters. It is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones and in burning forgive and forget them.

How He Worked the Artist.

This account of how an intimate friend of the great artist Kyosai obtained one of the painter's drawings is from Mrs. Hugh Frazer's "Letters From Japan:"

Kyosai always refused if asked outright for a sketch. So his friend began the negotiation by offering the artist an excellent dinner. When Kyosai had drunk deeply and seemed in a mellow humor his host called for drawing materials, saying that he felt an artistic fancy taking possession of him. No one was surprised, as Japanese gentlemen often amuse themselves in this way after a feast. The servant then brought an enormous sheet of white paper and spread it on the floor with the brushes and Indian ink beside it. The crafty host, without looking at his guest, sank on his knees and began to draw, apparently absorbed in his occupation, but intentionally producing weak and incoherent lines. Kyosai watched the feeble effort in silence and growing irritation, and at last jumped up, dashed the tyro aside and tore the brush out of his hand, exclaiming: "Out of the way, you wretched bungler! I will teach you how to draw!" And the result was a priceless sketch, which remained in the possession of the wily entertainer.

A Max O'Rell Story.

Before he attained fame with his various books M. Blouet (Max O'Rell), who was for several years French master at St. Paul's school, related how he obtained his post there. After two or three earlier applicants had returned unsuccessful from their interview with Dr. Walker, who was at the time headmaster of the school, M. Blouet's turn came.

"I want," said the doctor after a few words, "a French master who can preserve discipline. My last was a perfect gentleman and a good fellow, but he could not keep the classes in order. The end of it was that after being much worried by one of the boys the poor fellow went home and shot himself."

"Sir," replied Max O'Rell, "that is where my countryman made a little mistake. I should have shot the boy."

The doctor rose, says M. Blouet, and grasped my hand.

"M. Blouet," he exclaimed, "you are my French master."—London Captain.

Tips Costlier Than Treats.

They were going out of the Waldorf when he saw her look so longingly in at the big, beautiful roomful of white tables laden with roses that he said, "Will you go in and have a cup of tea or something?"

She assented willingly.

"Your hat and overcoat, sir," said the waiter drily. "You are not allowed to sit in here with your overcoat on."

"But," objected he, "I shall stay only a few minutes."

"No matter, sir," said the waiter and took his hat and overcoat with an air of determination and disappeared.

"That's the third time," sighed he, "that I have started to go home, met somebody and parted from my hat and coat to treat them. If it happens again, the tips to the waiters for keeping my hat and coat will amount to more than the sum I have paid for the treats."—New York Press.

Handy Pin Roll.

A useful pin roll for all the kinds of pins needed in the wardrobe takes a yard of ribbon six inches wide. On one end of the ribbon there is a square cushion made of plain silk, boxed and tufted. The rest of the ribbon has a lining of white flannel lined with cotton. This will serve for safety pins, stickpins, fancy pins of all kinds and the common ones. The ribbon will roll into small compass.

On Her Own Head.

Hubby—What! You paid $50 for that hat! It's monstrous—it's a sin! Wife (sweetly)—No matter. The sin will be on my own head!—Lippincott's Magazine.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

PATENT ROLLER
FLOUR
THORNTON & CHESTER MILLING CO.
212 ERIE ST., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have oaten cakes make from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom,

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 27, 1909.

EDITOR MINER—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decisions of the Republican party at their primaries, June 12, 1909.

JAMES H. SMITH.

East Smethport, Pa., March 29, 1909.

A NEGRO, Leavitt Davis, aged 25 years, was lynched on Tuesday at Pine Bluff, Ark., by a mob of 300 men. Davis confessed to entering the home of Amy Holmes, aged 15, a white girl on Friday and choked her. She said she was afraid to make an outcry while he was robbing the house. The mob quietly formed, took the negro from the authorities and hanged him.

IN Des Moines, Ia., A. S. Kirkhart, who controls fifteen saloons, in that city, has inaugurated an anti-treating law of his own in one of them last Monday. In this saloon he has all kinds of tempting soft drinks, such as coffee, milk, buttermilk, etc. He says if the anti-treating movement proves a success he will introduce the same plan in all of his saloons. He expresses himself as being well satisfied with the results thus far.

BROTHER LAYMON of the Port Allegany Reporter is for paving as will be seen by the following from his last issue: The application for state road help by the township, and now lets try a street or two any way. If we don't like it we needn't do any more of it, and if we see next spring that we cannot get along without the liquid real estate that usually crawls along like a glazier each spring, why we can rip up what has been put in and settle down to the old slop. Let's pave some any way.

WHY all this delay in repairing the sidewalks in the business part of Main street? Many people are wondering whether the blame is to be laid to the council or the property owners, and in either case it is time that something was done at once. Delays in this matter are dangerous. Damage suits are liable to be the outcome. If the proper grade has not been established it should be made without delay and work started on these walks, which are in a most deplorable condition. The people waited patiently while the paving was going on last year and now they are entitled to good walks. Whether it is up to the council or the property owners, let the good work be started without delay.

Governor [illegible] has signed the bill, prohibiting the use of firearms by unnaturalized foreigners. New York and other states have been agitating the passage of such a law, but while they have been talking, Pennsylvania has gone ahead and acted. Fines and imprisonment are provided for aliens having in their possession rifles, shotguns or revolvers.

There is a class of foreigners who, not being accustomed to the use of firearms in their native country, no sooner arrive in the "land of liberty" than they are seized with the hunting fever and must purchase a gun. Nor do they confine their experiments in hunting to the forest and field. Several foreigners have been arrested recently in the east and residence section of Pittsburg for taking pot shots at sparrows and incidentally menacing the life of everybody in the neighborhood. The new law also should be effective in reducing the number of tragedies caused by criminal intent. Almost daily the police of large cities have to deal with shooting scrapes in which foreigners are concerned. There should be far stricter surveillance over the sale and carrying of deadly weapons than there is at present. West Virginia has a new law so drastic in its provisions that the enforcement of all of them may be impossible. But the Pennsylvania law is a long step in the right direction. It will be welcomed not only by the police of our cities, but by the game wardens, who have observed many evils through the use of firearms by ignorant and reckless individuals.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Senate leaders are far from satisfied with the progress being made on the tariff bill, and with a desire to call a halt on speeches for home consumption and to have the tariff debate confined to the specific questions under consideration, they intend to do everything in their power to limit the scope of the discussion. Hereafter the tariff orators are to be held within bonds and will not be permitted to discuss the fundamentals of free trade and protection. The trust question, the political situation, freight rates and other economic subjects. On Thursday of this week, after a long debate in which almost everything except the pending amendment was discussed, Senator Tillman suggested that the time had come when something ought to be done to put an end to "this useless wrangle" and said he was weary of sitting in the Senate with nothing to do except to listen to professions of political faith by Republicans and Democrats, and in this he voiced the sentiments of many others. Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee, intends at an early date, to invoke a rule that no Senator shall speak more than twice on any one question in debate on the same day without the permission of the Senate, and he intends, also, to insist that the Senate confine itself to consideration of the paragraphs under consideration. It is hoped, in this way, to dispose of the bill before the summer is over.

Since the Sperry board made its report on changes in the navy regulations Secretary Meyer has been applying himself industriously to the subject, and he has decided, practically, to formulate a plan of his own for navy yard reorganization, founded on the basic principle that the highest possible degree of efficiency afloat shall be the controlling purpose of every change and of his entire administration. Brief as has been his experience at the head of the Navy Department, Mr. Meyer has grasped already this basic proposition that the efficiency of the fleet is the great essential and that all else must bend to that end. While efficiency and economy will be promoted in the navy yards, they are to be recognized as of secondary importance.

In the days of the Roosevelt administration visitors to the Senate galleries were always sure to get a glimpse of Vice President Fairbanks, hear his sonorous tones, and view the dignity of mien with which he presided over that body. He was always in his seat and seemed to believe that it was the duty of the Vice President to remain near the Senate. Vice President Sherman takes another view, and believes that the Vice President should have the same leisure as any other member of the Senate. He knows there are many capable hands in which to trust the gavel and he has taken several afternoons off to play golf and has made several trips to his home on business. He calls Senator Frye to the chair whenever it is possible, knowing that he is entrusting the business of the Senate to one of the most exact and capable officers who ever presided over the Upper House of Congress. When Senator Frye is absent Mr. Sherman calls on any one who happens to catch his eye. One day this week four different Senators alternated in the chair. The consensus of opinion is that Mr. Sherman is right in escaping at times from the bombardment of oratorical periods.

After no little discussion and five weeks' work, the name of Jefferson Davis, president of the late Southern Confederacy, has been restored to the tablet on Cabin John Bridge. When Mr. Davis was Secretary of War, in the fifties, his name formed part of the legend originally cut into the tablet, but it was erased from the stone in 1862 by order of Secretary Caleb Smith of the Interior Department. President Roosevelt ordered its restoration, forty-seven years later, just before his retirement from office, and his action was the result of urgent appeals of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Prominent members of the Association of State and National Food and Dairy Departments are considering the advisability of asking Congress, at its next session, to enact legislation providing for supervision of all factories which prepare food products entering into interstate commerce. The advocates of such a measure maintain that it could be drawn along lines similar to that providing for the inspection of meat and meat products. Many Congressmen are of the opinion, however, that such legislation, if enacted, would not stand the tests of the courts, and they maintain that it is doubtful if the meat inspection law would be upheld by the Supreme Court, if taken before that tribunal. The packers have been so benefitted by the law that they have not been disposed to subject it to the tests of the courts. It is doubtful if the purveyors of food products generally would be equally benefitted, and it is feared that, were an attempt made to so far extend the system, the entire legislative structure would fall. It is considered extremely doubtful, therefore, if Congress could be induced to extend the policy of fedral inspection.

Everybody is likely to have kidney and bladder trouble. In fact nearly everybody has some trouble of this kind. That is the reason why you so often have pains in the back and groin, scalding sensation, urinary disorders, etc.—that's your kidneys. The best thing to do is to get some of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away. Take them for a few days or a week or so and you will feel all right. In this way, too, you will ward off dangerous and possibly serious ailments. They are perfectly harmless, and are not only antiseptic, but allay pain quickly by their healing properties. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

REDUCED RATES TO GETTYSBURG

Dedication Regular Army Monument.

On Monday, May 31, Memorial Day, the monument to the regular army engaged in the battle of Gettysburg, will be dedicated on the Battlefield by the United States Government. President Taft will participate in the ceremonies.

Excursion tickets to Gettysburg will be sold by the Pennsylvania Railroad from all principal stations May 27 to 30, good to return until June 3, inclusive, at reduced rates.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between L. Slosser and Leo O'Brien has this day been mutually dissolved and all bills due said firm are payable to said Leo O'Brien and all debts contracted by said firm will be paid by said Leo O'Brien

L. SLOSSER,
LEO O'BRIEN.

East Smethport, Pa., May 18, 1909.

Beautiful imitations of natural wood finished with varnish may be obtained by applying one coat of Campbell's Varnish Stain. J. C. Hamlin carries a full line of all colors and size cans. Color card free.

Seed Potatoes For Sale.

Medium size, good quality. Inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gillfillan. Best in the market.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

SUMMER TRIPS AFAR AND NEAR

Summer days are coming fast. Already vacation days are being discussed in the home and in the office, and in a few weeks the annual exodus to country, seashore and mountains will have begun.

America abounds with delightful summering places, in valley, on mountain and beside the sea—thousands of resorts whither wind the pilgrims in search of pleasure and recreation.

Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agents now have on sale excursion tickets to the greater number of these resorts; by the first week in June there will be about eight hundred points covered by Pennsylvania Railroad summer excursion tickets.

From the rock-bound bays of Newfoundland to the sunny slopes of the Virginia shores; from the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee; along the forty beaches of New Jersey; even to the far coast of the Pacific Ocean, these summer resorts stand ready to entertain the transient or all-summer guest.

Any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent will cheerfully give information concerning routes and fares to these resorts, enabling summer pilgrims to plan their outing at a minimum of time and cost.

Information may also be secured by addressing Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia; C. Studds, D. P. A., 263 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Wm. Pedrick, Jr., D. P. A., 1433 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Thos. E. Watt, D. P. A., 401 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh; B. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo; H. Hasson, Jr., D. P. A., Baltimore and Calvert Streets, Baltimore; B. M. Newbold, D. P. A., Fifteenth and G Streets, Washington; A. C. Wells, D. P. A., 11 South Fifth Street, Reading; Jas. P. Anderson, D. T. A., Union Station, Pittsburgh, or E. Yungman, D. P. A., Williamsport, Pa.

If you expect to get the original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, you must be sure that it is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for cuts, burns and bruises, and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitutes. Sold by H. C. Wells and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

122 Acre Farm

Near Portville

For Sale Right.

We offer for sale a farm of 122 acres, located 2½ miles from Portville, N. Y., 8 miles from Olean, 3½ miles from Ceres and 1 mile from trolley line. 70 acres level, balance rolling. 40 acres cultivated, 30 acres pasture, balance small timber and brush land. Mellow land, especially adapted for corn, buckwheat, oats, potato and grass. Will carry 15 cows. Good water, fair fences, fruit for family use. 7-room house in fair repair, barn 30x40, fair repair. Cheese factory on farm, ¼ mile to school, ½ mile to Olean state road. On R. F. D. and telephone line. With the farm we offer span horses, harness, wagon, 4 cows, 4 calves, 2 brood sows, some farm tools and machinery. 6 acres oats already in and garden made. Owner going west and offers everything for $3,000. Terms $1,500 cash, balance $200 a year. Possession at once. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,

BOLIVAR, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

A SUPERIOR QUALITY

of ICE CREAM and SODA WATER at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Headquarters for Fresh, Pure Drugs and Medicines, Cigars, Stationery, Rubber Goods, &c.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,

Bradford, Penna.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.	
Banking House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,681.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.88
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits.

Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given by Edgar W. Tait, an applicant for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, that he will, on or before the 14th day of June, 1909, file his credentials with, and make application to the State Board of Law Examiners to be examined by said Board on the 6th and 7th days of July, 1909, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

LADIES' OXFORDS

—IN—

Russia Calf

Tan Vici

and

Pat. Colt

—Is the Bill at—

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

FOR THIS WEEK

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS

$3.25 Round Trip From NEWTON $3.25

SATURDAY, MAY 29, '09

TICKETS GOOD 5 DAYS

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RAILWAY

Train leaves Newton 8:12 p. m.

LOOK FOR THE GREEN GOODS

FRESH EVERY DAY

AT

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

WAVERLY

A thin, pale oil. High real viscosity—no fictitious body. Retains its lubricating powers at high temperatures. The best oil for either air or water-cooled cars.

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

Ask your dealer—a trial will convince.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., PITTSBURG, PA.

Independent Oil Refiners.

SPECIAL AUTO OIL

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, December Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Riggins did, on the 6th day of Oct. 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Riggins.

We therefore command you, the said Joseph Riggins, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Riggins and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Riggins, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 12, 1909.

A. P. Hucy, Libellant's Attorney.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

Mrs. May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed *free*; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C1, World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Phila.

A Splendid Array of Tempting Values

Suit and Cloak Dept.

Stylish Suits at ....$14.00 Several new Styles at......$22.50
Others at $25.00, $27.50, $30.00, $35.00

WASH SUITS—Skirts and Jackets, very popular, and up to the minute in style and workmanship.

Separate Skirts from..$3.75 to $15.00
Brown, Blue, Grey, Black. They can't help but please.

See our White Goods Section for the newest things in popular and fancy White,

A goods to meet your requirements in any class of white.

Lace Curtains

Fifty styles in White, Arabian, Red and Green from, pair ....59c to $5.00
Mull and Ruffled Curtains, just in, pair......................79c to $2.00

Hosiery and Underwear.

Complete new line of Underwear and Hosiery.

Gauze Vests..10, 15, 25 & 50c
Men's Suits..50c to $1.50
Boys' Shirts and Drawers..25c
Ladies' Fast Black Hose..............................10, 15, 25, 39 and 50c
Most of these also in Wine and Tan
Ladies Silk Hose, $2.00 value at...$1.00

Shoe Department.

Showing Black and Brown Suede Strap Pumps at.....................$3.50
A variety of styles in Black, Brown, Tan and Patent Leathers. "Patrician" make, all now at...........$3.50 and $4.00
Boys' and Children's Oxfords, Black and Tan, solid leather shoes that will wear. Priced from ....$1.00 to $2.25

These are excellent values. Don't miss them.

The Lindholm Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

A Death Warrant!

—FOR—

Potato Bugs, Curculio, or the Cotton, Tobacco, Cabbage, Currant or Apple Tree Worm,
The Fly or Worm on Cucumber, Squash and Melon Vines, or any other insects that cross the path of

PIERCE'S BUG KILLER

FOR SALE BY

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 27, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Daly & Garlick have a seasonable advertisement in this issue.

—The country roads generally are in good condition at the present time.

—Ten boys and ten girls will graduate from the Coudersport schools this year.

—Ice cream and soda water is advertised by Armstrong's Drug Store this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason entertained a number of friends at dinner last evening.

—Hon. Thomas A. Morrison is having a new porch put on his residence on West Main street.

—Mrs. J. S. Walker entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home last Thursday afternoon.

—Anderson & Carlson expect to start work on their new store building within the next two or three weeks.

—The Bridge Whist club was entertained yesterday afternoon by Mrs. J. W. Lee at her home on King street.

—The vaudeville performances given at the Lyceum Tuesday and Wednesday evenings gave excellent satisfaction to good-sized audiences.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will have a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store on Saturday, May 29. The sale will commence at 2:30.

—County Superintendent Bayle held teachers' examinations here on Friday and Saturday. A large number of teachers were here on this account.

—The tax rate in Eldred is to be lowered considerably this year. Would that Smethport might enjoy a like privilege.

—Guy H. McCoy, who was laid up by running a rusty nail in his foot, has returned to his duties with the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

—On account of Memorial Day services at the Baptist church next Sunday evening, there will be no evening service at the M. E. church.

—The drilling on town lots in Bradford will continue. An ordinance prohibiting such drilling was killed in the Bradford councils last Monday night.

—There will be the regular dance at the Lyceum next Saturday evening. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish the music and a good time is assured all who attend.

—Leopardo Carmello, an Italian with a bad record and charged with highway robbery, escaped from jail at Emporium last week. No clue has been found as to his whereabouts.

—The clam chowder supper which was to have been held at the M. E. chapel last Saturday has been postponed until next Saturday, because they could not get the clams on the former date.

—The road below the cemetery, between Peter Olson's place and the end of Bank street is in a deplorable condition for this time of year. The proper authorities should have it repaired at once.

—We understand that F. D. Gallup of this borough and M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett have started building a commercial trout hatchery on the Gallup farm at Norwich corners. This is an excellent idea and will undoubtedly be a success.

—On Monday next the Pennsylvania R. R. will put the afternoon train out of Buffalo back on. It will leave Buffalo at 3:45 and the Kushequa train will connect with it at Larabee, arriving here at 7:12 in the evening.

—Frank Purtle, who for the past ten days has been suffering with a severe attack of pneumonia, is much improved at this time and his complete recovery is looked for in a few days, which is pleasing news to his many friends.

—Alex McLeod, who for the past sixteen years has been proprietor of the Forest House at Keating Summit, died at that place on Tuesday of last week. He was 48 years of age and is survived by his wife and three young children.

—Last Friday night Officer McCarthy bagged a couple of drunks who were making a nusiance of themselves on Main street and they spent the night in the lockup. Owing to their impoverished condition no fines were collected next morning.

—Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin is having some improvements made on her house on West Main street. The wing on the rear is being raised to two stories, thus making two more rooms on the second floor and a new and enlarged porch is being put on the front.

—Last Friday night twelve young ladies tendered Miss Margaret Koenig a birthday surprise at her home on Water street. The young people enjoyed a pleasant evening socially as well as the excellent repast and went home wishing her many happy returns of the day.

—Some unknown wretches seined or netted about 300 trout, ranging from nine to thirteen inches, out of the Smith reservoir at Port Allegany last week. Messrs. S. W. Smith, O. C. Wagner and F. M. Larabee, who owned the fish, have offered a reward of $50 for the arrest of the thieves.

—Mrs. Norman Stanton died at her home in Keating township on Wednesday, May 19, after a brief illness. She was about 30 years of age and is survived by her husband and six children. The funeral was held at her late home on Sunday and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

—Charles Anderson of Kasson died at that place Friday, May 14th, aged 70 years. On the preceding day Mr. Anderson underwent a surgical operation for strangulated hernia, but the shock to his system owing to his advanced age proved too much and he passed away as above stated.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Daniel Bradt, aged 50 years, and William Hinman, aged 25, were killed and two buildings destroyed in a nitroglycerine explosion which destroyed the factory of the DuPont Company, at Howard Junction, near Bradford, yesterday. Bradt leaves a wife and five children, and Hinman leaves a bride of a month at Bullis Mills.

—J. M. Gledhill of Warren, Ohio, has purchased a half interest in the Potter Enterprise of M. T. Stokes and will assume the managing editorship of that paper about June 1st. Mr. Gledhill is spoken of as an able, energetic newspaper man and we welcome him to this vicinity, hoping that he will thoroughly enjoy his new work and his new location.

—The First National Bank of Eldred will be opened for business on or about June 1. E. E. Drake of Shinglehouse, who is to be cashier, has moved to Eldred. Horace H. Redfield, who is its president, will continue to reside in Smethport, but will give the bank his personal attention. The delay in starting has been caused by the non-arrival of the books to be used by that institution.

—We learn that M. N. Allen is about to open an insurance office in East Smethport. Mr. Allen, it is said, will continue to reside in Port Allegany although he will give most of his time to the East Smethport office. If Mr. Allen makes a success of his insurance business here he will, no doubt, move back to this place, the birthplace of his family and one of the pleasantest towns in this country.

—Through the courtesy of Scott F. Redfield we took an automobile trip to D. S. Helmer's fish hatchery on Skinner creek last Saturday and brought home with us some speckled trout. Some hatchery trout do not have the same rich flavor, when cooked, as these fish in their native state, but not so with Mr. Helmer's trout. We defy an epicure to tell the difference between these and the trout caught from our mountain streams.

—Three new cases of small-pox are reported at Bullis Mills, the victims being Mabel Freeson, Emory Johnson and Mrs. Nellie Rogers, the two latter being in the house of Samuel Johnson, who was the first to develop the disease. Young Johnson is said to have a severe case, being badly broken out. One or two other cases are yet uncertain, but all are under close guard. All of these are more than three miles from Eldred borough.—Eagle.

—At an adjourned meeting of the Smethport Borough School Board on Monday afternoon the following teachers were re-elected for the next school year: Carrie Day, Emma Tretton, Mabel E. Todd, Rose Allen, Laura Hewitt, Mary Richards, Vinnie Campbell, Anna K. Barry, Amanda Anderson and Rachel Mayo, Ethel Gifford and Mabel R. Foote were not applicants for re-election. Prof. T. T. Allen will continue to act as principal.

—John J. Mundy, one of the editors of the Potter Democrat, and M. T. Stokes, editor of the Potter Enterprise, are about to start a daily paper in Ashtabula, Ohio, and we understand that both gentlemen will leave Coudersport about the first of June for that place. Although we are not authentically informed, we understand that Mr. Mundy will move to Ashtabula and devote his entire attention to the new paper, while Mr. Stokes will divide his time between that and the Enterprise. Both are enterprising, hustling newspaper men and should make a great success in this new venture.

—Guy Laymon, son of Charles O. Layman, editor of the Port Allegany Reporter, died at Farmington, Mo., on Sunday morning last after a brief illness of pneumonia. The deceased was 20 years of age and spent the greater part of his life in Port Allegany going to Farmington last winter to accept a position in a printing office. His remains will arrive at Port Allegany to-day (Thursday) and the funeral services will be held to-morrow morning, after which his remains will be taken to Scoharie county, N. Y., for burial. Editor Laymon and his family have the sincere sympathy of the MINER in this time of affliction.

Personal Mention.

G. W. Brennan spent Sunday in Buffalo.

John Haley was over from DeGolia Sunday.

A. H. King of Erie was in town Monday on business.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Attorney E. J. Jones of Bradford had business in town on Tuesday.

E. Rex Gorton of Orange, N. J., is visiting his parents in this place.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Donald Hogarth, who has been visiting in Bradford, returned home Sunday.

Miss Katheryn Morey left Tuesday for a few days' visit with Bradford friends.

Mrs. Leo Digel returned home last evening from a visit with Bradford friends.

Frank Hafner of Clermont was a caller at this office Saturday while he was in town.

Mrs. John Haley of DeGolia was the guest of relatives in this place the first of the week.

Will Blake of Eldred passed Sunday in town with relatives and greeting his many friends.

Leon Grigsby of DuBois was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Grigsby, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Powell and family of Ridgway are visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Hilda [illegible], who had been ill at her home in Port Allegany, returned to this place yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammar and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield drove to Bradford in the former's car on Tuesday.

J. L. Smith and son Elmer of Clermont were business visitors in town Friday and were pleasant callers at this office.

Miss Irma Wells, who has been attending school at Darlington Seminary, Westchester, has returned home for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Hamilton went to Bradford last night, taking with them their little daughter Katheryn, who will undergo an operation for adanoids in her nostrils.

Orlo J. Hamlin and Chauffeur Leo Digel drove to Geneva Saturday, returning home Tuesday accompanied by Mrs. Hamlin, who has been visiting there for the past month.

Mrs. Wm. Hafner returned yesterday from North Girard. She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. F. M. Spanogle, and children, who will spend several weeks in town.

Dr. H. L. McCoy returned home Monday from a visit to Erie, where he was called by the illness of his daughter, Mrs. Harvey McQuiston, who is suffering from rheumatism. The doctor reports her condition improved but says she will not be able to come home for some time.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

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Last year we gave away every straw hat we had left.

So we start, THIS SEASON, with a NEW, fresh up-to-date stock of

Stylish Straw Hats

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NO old or shop worn goods, for these goods HAVE JUST ARRIVED and are made in the most approved styles, at prices that will suit you.

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FRY & COMES

A New Lot of Shirts
"MONARCH" and "CLUETT" MAKE

You men who have been paying $2.50 to $4.00 for made-to-order Shirts drop around and see this lot now on sale.

It's a waste of money to pay such prices for shirts when the "Monarch" and "Cluett" custom made can be had at less than half what the made to order man will charge you. Just as good a shirt, too, in every particular—fit, style and workmanship.

There's a shirt here to fit you if your stout or average, long or short armed, fit you better, too, than nine out of ten of the made to order sort.

The materials are of the most dependable kinds and according to fashion's most favored notions—the workmanship the best that human hands can do.

Coat style, attached or separate cuffs, $1.00 and $1.50.
Coat style or Regular Cut, separate cuffs, $1.00.
Regular Cut, soft collars and cuffs attached, $1.00 and $1.50.
Stouts, for the fat man, $1.25 and $1.50.

FRY & COMES
Smethport, - - Penna.

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The Bachelor and the Cat.

By STUART B. STONE.

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The fluffy haired, hazel eyed young lady was speaking of the play at the Belleville Opera House.

"It is the prettiest bit of sentiment. There's the quaintest pair of lovers, and they go through fire, water, persecution and plague, but it works out beautifully in the end."

Thereupon bashful Captain Grant, at the head of the table, sniffed polite disapproval.

The cheery young bank clerk who sat next to the hazel eyed girl told of the "best selling" romance he was reading. It was "The Loves of Lady Perilla," and Captain Grant frowned at the title.

Then the young man leaned over and talked in low tones to the fluffy haired girl. The girl colored in delicious bewilderment. The young man's merry eyes sobered, and Mrs. Ogden Carter winked at Mrs. Newman Appleby across the table. Captain Grant saw the byplay of hearts and growled into his plate of Boston beans. After that, in a faint sweet cloud of heliotrope, the lilac lady entered.

She was in the early thirties, rather tall and thin, with a wreath of glossy black hair and big, gray eyes scattering sympathy. Touches of lilac here and there relieved the black.

The boarders "sized up" the newcomer—some with a tinge of envy of the splendid, shining hair, others with listless conjecture as to whether she came from Cape Cod or from Kokomo. But Captain Grant looked covertly at the lady and sighed so manifestly from the heart that a little ripple of amused wonder went around the tables. Blushing vividly, the captain arose and strutted hurriedly out.

The captain held little part in the babble of the table, but next day he spoke to Miss Inola Marshall, the new boarder, regarding the probability of rain. The lilac lady smiled charmingly, admitting the shrewdness of the forecast. From one labored confidence in a day this man, who had sniffed at the prospect of young hearts confiding, attained to a running comment of anecdote and observation.

Miss Inola was gracious; so, after a bit, noticing the captain and the lady deep in discussion, Mrs. Carter smiled at Mrs. Appleby, and the young clerk had his hazel eyed girl to himself, with no one to snort because they talked in the low, earnest tones of lovers.

Things went thus beautifully until the coming of Zenobia. Zenobia was plump and sleek and sandy and white streaked, like a faded tigress. She was endowed with a cavernous yawn and a lulling, musical pur, and she had a way of curling up on the precious skirts of women to dream fitful things of the chase of the hard pressed mouse.

The giantess of a cat was as a picture of gold to Miss Inola, but the captain detested all of her kind. When Zenobia crept softly to the dining room and some unseeing barbarian stepped on her ringed tail, so that she squalled in despair, it was a question whether the captain did not chuckle grimly.

Miss Inola, loving Zenobia dearly, could not help but hold it against him in her heart. Finally Zenobia, sighing for sympathy, thrust her plump sides against the trousers leg of the captain, leaving soft, yellow hairs for remembrance. It affected him like the clammy contact of a serpent.

"What do you see in that cat?" he demanded.

"More than I see in you," Miss Inola flared back.

That settled it. The captain retired to his den and tried vainly to interest himself in three volumes of the history of the Sudan, and Miss Inola, petting and pampering the giantess Zenobia, almost wished that she might die. For a month Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Appleby had only the young bank clerk and the hazel eyed girl for winking and smiling exchange.

The last night in the month the captain lounged disconsolately in his smoking gown, dividing his time between a dissertation on Moroccan bandits and the perversities of women in lilac.

"The Moorish bandit is gruff, grim and inured to hardship," read the captain and nodded, knowing they were miles and miles away.

"She is the only woman I could ever care a straw for," murmured the captain, alert and sighing, for Madam of the Lilacs was only across the narrow hall.

A full fed, lazy cat purred in the corridor, descended the steps and yowled for companionship in the yard below. The captain shut his mouth tight and went back to learn of the banditti. The Dutch windmill of a clock chimed 9. The cry was repeated nearer.

"Fire! Fire!"

The captain bounded to the door, arrayed like a rajah for glory. Miss Inola almost telescoped him.

"Where is it?" she demanded.

The window disclosed a fierce blaze quite near. "The Golden Rule warehouse," answered the captain, and they both descended hurriedly.

A crowd had gathered, shouting, gesticulating, yet not venturing near the burning warehouse.

"Why don't they put it out?" asked Captain Grant.

"Powder stored there—barrels and barrels of it," volunteered some one.

Mrs. Appleby approached Miss Inola. "Your cat Zenobia just went in there."

Miss Inola moaned: "Poor little Zenobia! She'll be blown into the moon!"

Captain Grant started to speak and checked himself. Then, coloring violently, he announced: "Don't go on in that way, Miss Inola. I'm going to rescue Zenobia!"

Miss Inola stared, colored on her own account and extended her hand. "William," she called him for the first time—"you are good and brave and true."

The captain proudly raised his head, girded his flowery, high colored gown about him and waded into the zone of glimmering light.

"Hey, there! Danger! Powder! Come back, man!" bawled the spectators. But Captain Grant strode grimly on. The last words of the lilac lady rang in his ears—"You are good and brave and true."

He heard the cat yowl frantically and he charged like an Assyrian host. "William, William, William!" her voice kept calling to him. The door was fastened with a rusted padlock, but the captain easily broke through the rotten thing. "Brave and true, brave and true," he kept repeating.

The structure was doomed, but here just within the door it was rather dark and thick with smoke. He could make out the barrels and tried to avoid them. "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" he called.

He stumbled over something, caught at a barrel and plunged into its yawning top. His arms rammed into a soft, fleecy, choking mess. Scrambling up, he overturned two others and rolled on the floor.

Finally he regained his feet, covered from head to foot with the pulverized, clinging substance. A cat howled somewhere, and he turned toward the door. Zenobia sat upon her haunches twenty feet in front of the warehouse spitting and howling like a feline demon. The captain stepped out into the light. He was covered, plastered, buried, frescoed, coated with flour.

The crowd stirred in the distance. Tompkins, proprietor of the Golden Rule, had arrived—"There's no powder," he exclaimed. "Those barrels contain flour. Come on!" The mob came like a hurricane.

"Look at Captain Grant," they shouted gleefully—"flour all over his dressing gown and on his face and hair! Looks like a ghost!"

"Well, I'll be eternally jiggered!" fumed the captain. He kicked at the screaming Zenobia and, missing, nearly fell upon his back. Particles of dust adhered to the flour, giving him a glorious checkerboard appearance. He turned and ran from the madding crowd, a white, gorgeous specter of the night.

As he scaled the picket fence some one called to him, but he paid no heed. He bounded down the little lane with Berserker vim and fury. The person who had called ran through a gate and stood in the road to check him. The captain, wild, chagrined, unseeing, waved his arms, put on more steam and growled deadly menace.

"William, William!" called a soft, sweet voice.

The captain, checking, flapped at the flour in his eyes.

"Oh, you are brave and true, but you do look like a fright!" said Miss Inola, and she broke down and sobbed before the captain, taking alarm again, could bound away.

"There, there, don't cry!" he admonished. "That spitfire Zenobia's all right and will live to be ten thousand."

Then he took her in his arms until she became white with the dazzle of the flour.

Their Fortunate Escape.

They had walked halfway through the park at a smart pace, and she now sank on a shaded bench. He seated himself beside her. They were entirely alone save for an old man at one end of their seat immersed in a book. Their agitated conversation continued.

"Oh, it is too dreadful!" she shuddered, covering her face with her hands as if to shut out some unbearable sight.

"Fearful!" he agreed, deeply moved and mopping the profuse perspiration from his brow.

"Horrible!" she added. "I cannot bear to think of it. The loss of hope, happiness, perhaps even life itself!"

"Hush!" he interrupted. "Let us strive to think of it no more or it may grow to prey upon our minds."

"Pardon me," said the old man on the end of the bench, his watery eyes distended in lively apprehension. "Has there been some awful disaster? Have you been forced to look upon some awful tragedy?"

The young couple regarded each other in some confusion. Hesitatingly the youth answered:

"No, sir. You see, we have just become engaged, and we were talking of what a calamity it would have been had we never met."

Her Greenhorn Mother.

"I was going to Patchogue," said a woman at the Waldorf, "when I saw sitting near by a little girl with her mother, the mother evidently a foreigner, the child born in this country, both surrounded with bundles in the foreign way. The child was six. The conductor came along, and the child held out the tickets.

"'I want you to put us off at Patchogue,' she said, smiling at him, 'and help us with our bundles, please. My mother's a greenhorn. She doesn't know anything about traveling.'

"I watched her until the two arrived at their destination, and I think I have never seen a more polite little girl or a more seemingly dutiful daughter. It was quite evident to my mind that she meant no disrespect to her mother by calling her by what would seem to us to be an opprobrious epithet. She had merely adopted one of our slang words as the very best of English."—New York Press.

HIS ONLY CHANCE

"The theatrical manager looked at the applicant. The applicant did not return the glance.

"Well, look here. I'll give you a chance; but, mind, I'll give you only one. I can give you a turn tomorrow night. I've a chance vacancy. You can sing that song you just sang to me and one other. If you catch on—well—well—see, I'll give you your chance."

The applicant bowed himself out.

* * * * * * *

His turn was the first on the program.

When the great curtain rolled up and he walked nervously forward—to the footlights the audience was not prepossessed in his favor.

The orchestra had finished the introduction to the song. There was a pause. The conductor glanced at the singer.

The singer's eyes were fixed on the brilliantly lighted house, the *rows of faces*, and only three words beat unceasingly on his brain. "My one chance—my one chance!"

The conductor brought his baton sharply down upon his desk. The orchestra played the opening bars once more, and the singer suddenly began *to sing*. He was shaking from head to *foot*, and his voice shook also. It shook so much that he stopped dead in the middle of the first verse. A sense of unutterable failure and despair swept over him.

He had had his chance and failed. The manager, in the wings, swore under his breath and vowed that never again would he soften his heart to any applicant.

The audience began to fidget impatiently as the second verse began—haltingly, miserably.

The singer's really fine voice had not a chance of making its mark because of the poor man's nervous wretchedness.

No wonder that the audience fidgeted.

No wonder that the livelier souls in the gallery prepared a series of cheerful and discouraging remarks to greet the conclusion of the song or that a little buzz of conversation was audible throughout the house.

Nobody knew—how should he—that this was the singer's only chance; that he had paid his very last dime for a cup of coffee and pancakes in the afternoon and was faint with hunger now; that if he was a failure tonight he would have no roof over his head tomorrow.

The song was done.

The singer lifted miserable eyes for a second and then dropped them hopelessly toward the boards at his feet.

It was over! His chance had come—and gone!

And then a strange thing happened. The theater going public is a curious and elusive quantity. You never know, so to speak, when it is with you.

But it possesses one unfailing quality. It is so sorry for the losing side that as often as not it will applaud the loser simply because he has lost. There is something tender, kindly and generous about the theater going public, with all its faults.

And now, looking down at the failure on the stage, the gallery forgot the rude remarks it had proposed making. The parquet no longer recollected those hisses it had dreamed of. It escaped the memory of the rest of the house that it had not intended to bestow any clapping upon the sorry performance. Suddenly a great outburst of spontaneous applause broke out in every corner of the building, and the singer lifted his miserable eyes in mute amazement. A man in the gallery expressed the feelings that prompted the applause as he whispered to his neighbor.

"Poor fellow," he said, "feels a bit nervous, don't-cher-know. Ain't had much dinner, you may bet your bottom dollar. Feels nervous-like, a-singin' here for the fust time. Let's cheer up the poor wretch."

The singer was wonderfully, amazingly cheered by that strange, unexpected burst of applause. It took him off his feet; it put new life into him; it gave him new heart. A brightness came into his despairing eyes as he *marched off* to get his second song.

The manager whistled softly under his breath. He was so surprised that he forgot to swear. He whistled a little louder when the singer began to sing again. Encouragement had put the singer on his mettle.

With the applause still ringing in his ears, with kindly fresh applause to greet him as he returned to face the house again, he started his second *song. He forgot to be nervous*—forgot everything but that he must sing his best for those people who had been good to him.

And he sang as he had hardly realized, even to himself, that he had it in him to sing.

"Why, he's a singer, he is!" said the man in the gallery. "He has a voice, *after* all. Poor fellow was so nervous the fust time he didn't know what he was a-doin'. Glad I gave him a clap!"

It was genuine applause the second time—frantic, eager applause, which brought the singer back and back again to bow his thanks to the excited, shouting people. And the manager clapped him on the back, saying, "You'll do."

Well, well! The singer is a great man today. He does not have to hire his dress clothes nor go hungry to his engagements, and his feet are nearer the top of the ladder than the bottom.

But he has never forgotten, never will forget, the people who cheered him on upon that most awful evening of his life. He carries with him, always a grateful memory of the audience which with generous kindliness was ready—and more than ready—to give him "his chance."—New York Weekly.

SAVED FROM BANKRUPTCY.

By ESTELLE CLAIRMONT.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Well, they were married and had gone to housekeeping in a cozy little flat, Arthur Lee and Edith Session. It was a love match. Edith knew that Arthur had a thousand dollars and no more to go into the gents' furnishing business in a modest little store, and she knew that she would have everything to learn about housekeeping, as it would be a long time before they could afford to keep a servant.

Everything had gone along splendidly for a few weeks, both at the store and at the flat, when that old maid Miss Headly came poking her nose in one day. She was an acquaintance of both husband and wife and had to be greeted. Of course she promenaded through the five rooms and praised nothing, but neither did she condemn until the bride pointed to a vacant space in the parlor and observed that it was reserved for the piano when they could afford one.

Then the spinster sat down as stiff as a poker with her hands in her lap and replied:

"Well, I expected it."

"Expected what?"

"That you would bankrupt your husband inside of a year by your extravagance. You'll coax him into getting a piano, and then will come a fur coat and opera tickets and rides in a hired auto, and if you tease hard enough he may even buy an auto on the installment plan. I saw the other day that the business failures in the country last month were 478, or 78 more than for the same month last year. The men are not to blame for it. 149 have been driven into bankruptcy by their wives."

"But we may not get a piano for two years," protested the wife, "and I walk to save street car fare."

"But what are you doing to assist your husband?"

"Why, I'm keeping house."

"Yes, and having nothing to do half the time but read novels. If I was a wife, situated as you are, I'd be earning and saving against the crash."

"Is there a crash coming?"

"Certainly, and it's going to be in the gents' furnishing goods too. I meant to bring along the article I saw in the paper yesterday, but I left home in a great hurry. Edith, do you imagine that men are always going to wear shirts and collars and cuffs? Has it never occurred to you that the time will come when they will make one suspender do in place of two or wear none at all? Are they going to keep on choking themselves with neckties? Are they going to continue to wear socks when all writers on hygiene declare that wearing none at all is the way to avoid colds, catarrh and consumption? I tell you that a great change is coming, and you should prepare for it. Any day your husband may come in and tell you that he is a bankrupt."

"Why, how can men get along without shirts and things?" asked Edith as she turned pale.

"By returning to the simple life. Adam had no use for those things. You may yet see millionaires walking the street, by advice of their doctors, with only a bedquilt wrapped around them."

"And if my husband goes to smash in his business, then—then"—

"Then suppose you had the money in the house to start him in a delicatessen store? There is a business that is not in danger. There are no fashions to menace it. There are no doctors holding out warnings. You simply go in and get potato salad and sausage and come out again. If you are the owner of the store you make 50 per cent profit. Arthur can slice the roast beef and such, while you make the salads. If I were in your place I would not let another day pass without trying to get something to do to save up money for the crash coming, but I wouldn't say a word to Arthur to discourage him and so bring it all the sooner."

Having said her say and been as mean about it as she could, the old maid departed and left the young wife in tears. Something to do? Why, yes. She had always been asked why she didn't develop her talent for painting. She would begin a little picture that very day. She would paint one every day until she had six on hand and then send them to different art stores. Each one would probably be accepted and paid for on sight. She might start her savings account with $200.

The young wife dried her tears, brushed her hair and within an hour had begun picture No. 1. Nothing was said about bankruptcy when her husband came home. She did not even mention that the old maid had called.

Once upon a time, before her marriage, the wife had had occasion to send off a telegram, and a friend had told her that if it was marked rush it would be sent and answered in half the usual time. She remembered this when her pictures were ready to send *off*. On the wrapper of each she wrote a "rush" in red ink and then waited with bated breath for the checks to come in. The art stores obey the injunction. They rushed the pictures back with a feeling that life and death depended on their haste.

Her artistic career was a failure, and Mrs. Lee had the sense even in her bereavement to recognize the fact. There must be other things at which money could be made, however, and she consulted five or six hundred advertisements and finally found out where persons were wanted to address envelopes at home for liberal p[illegible] [illegible] just the thing. By the time [illegible] thirty or forty m[illegible] the delicatessen store would be a sure thing in case of the failure of the other.

She applied at a certain street and number. So did about a hundred girls, fifty old women and a number of boys. The man in the office called her "my dear" and gave her a thousand envelopes to take home that he might see what sort of a hand she wrote. He also exacted a deposit of 50 cents for their return. He also took her for a young widow and remarked on his gladness to see her striving to make an honest living instead of attending champagne suppers at sporty restaurants.

It took the ambitious young wife the best part of two days to address the thousand envelopes and when she carried them back the man smiled after her in a brotherly way and handed over 20 cents and said:

"My dear, you have only to keep on and you will wear diamonds."

But the striving wife didn't keep on. She was so discouraged and indignant that she left the place without demanding her deposit. Something else must be found. She saw the simple life galloping down on her and shirtless, collarless and sockless men passing gents' furnishing stores with looks of contempt.

That something else was an ad. A bright young woman could make from $3 to $6 a day by calling at such a street and number. Nobody would dare advertise such a thing unless it were true, and young Mrs. Lee called. Lady canvassers were wanted to sell a newly invented corset. It was a corset that would give any woman in the world a willowy form. It would add to her height, straighten the stoop in her shoulders, and she would seem to float in the air as she walked. No canvasser had made less than $3 a day, and some were ashamed of themselves for making only $9.

The caller allowed herself to be talked into the canvassing business and took the rest of that day to study up on points and then made a plunge. "Not at home" met her at the door of the first four houses she called at and "not at home" and "she wouldn't see you if she were" at the next four.

At the ninth house she was admitted, and the lady offered her a job as parlor maid. At the tenth the lady of the house was in bed with headache, but her husband wasn't. He asked the canvasser to sit down for a heart to heart talk and give him her confidence, and when she refused he said that if she had to live on turnips and sleep in barrels all the rest of her days it was her own fault. That ended the corset business.

When the sample was handed in the man in the office threw it down and muttered something that sounded like a swear word—two or three swear words connected by dashes.

There was one more trial for the striving young wife. She advertised to give piano lessons at the homes of pupils. She received postal cards to call here and there, and she called, to be snubbed by servants, winked at by young men and to be told by the lady of the house that her terms were at least one-half too high.

In two cases she was offered castoff dresses in exchange for instructions and called "a stuck up" thing when she refused. Mrs. Lee went home with tears in her eyes to find her husband there, two hours ahead of his usual time. The simple life had come! The shirtless, sockless era had dawned at last, and the furnishing store had smashed and there was no money to open the delicatessen!

The poor bride leaned against her husband's shoulder and sobbed.

"There, there! What is it, pet?" he cooed.

"Oh, Arthur, I—I was trying so hard to get money to meet this calamity, and—and I haven't got a cent!"

"Calamity? What calamity do you mean?"

"Why, the smash! Miss Headly said it would come and that we must open a delicatessen store and sell sausages and salads!"

"Sausages and salads be hanged!" he shouted. "Old maids be hanged! Gone to smash be hanged! Why, sweetheart, business is so good that I bought a piano today and have come home to see it delivered. Here it comes now."

"And men are going to keep right on wearing shirts and things?"

"Lord, yes. The dollar shirt at 98 cents is as firmly fixed as the rock of Gibraltar."

"But Miss Headly—why—why"—

"Why did she talk that way? Oh, just because she had taken a contract to stuff and sew a thousand dolls for market and wanted an excuse if you found it out."

Her View of Art.

An old gentleman who owned a fine estate not far from the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire (which is open to the public when the duke is not there), one day drove with a party of friends to this famous residence, taking with him his housekeeper, Martha, a good old soul who had been with him a great many years.

Arriving at Chatsworth, they passed slowly through room after room of almost priceless pictures. But Martha spake never a word, although it was evident that she was not missing anything. Each and every picture that her eye lit on underwent a most rigid scrutiny, much to the amusement of the rest of the party.

At last her master turned to her and said, "Well, Martha, what do you think of it all?"

"Why," exploded Martha rapturously, "I canna see a speck o' dust anywhere!"—Lippincott's.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.

Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.

State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.

Auditor General—Robert K. Young.

Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.

Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.

State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.

Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.

District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.

Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.

Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.

Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.

Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.

County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.

Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.

Comrs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.

Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.

Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. B. Cory, Coryville.

Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.

County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.

Council—J. E. Romey, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. White, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sasse.

Justice—R. C. Gleason.

Constable—C. L. Foote.

School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, G. H. Redfield, John Clark.

Collector—R. C. Gleason.

Assessor—G. H. Hyde.

Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.

Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.

Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
T. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSBACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
ED. IRONS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE

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TWO CANDIDATES

ILLUSTRATION by A. Weil

by HAROLD MACGRATH

AUTHOR of THE MAN ON THE BOX, HEARTS & MASKS

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CHAPTER I.

To begin with, I am going to call things by their real names. At first glance this statement will give you a shiver of terror, that is, if you happen to be a maiden lady or a gentleman with reversible cuffs. But your shivers will be without reason. Prue may read, and modest Prue's mamma; for it isn't going to be a naughty story; on the contrary, grandma's spring medicines are less harmless. Yet there is a parable to expound and a moral to point out; but I shall leave these to your own discernment.

It has always appealed to me as rather a silly custom on the story-teller's part to invent names for the two great political parties of the United States; and for my part, I am going to call a Democrat a Democrat and a Republican a Republican, because these titles are not so hallowed in our time as to be disguised in print and uttered in a bated breath. There is fortunately no lese-majeste in America.

Men inclined toward the evil side of power will be found in all parties, and always have been. Unlike society, the middle class in politics usually contains all the evil elements. In politics the citizen becomes the lowest order, and the statesman the highest; and, thanks to the common sense of the race, these are largely honest and incorruptible. When these become disintegrated, a republic falls.

Being a journalist and a philosopher, I look upon both parties with tolerant contempt. The very nearness of some things disillusions us; and I have found that only one illusion remains to the newspaper man, and that is that some day he'll get out of the newspaper business. I vote as I please, though the family does not know this. The mother is a Republican and so is the grandmother; and, loving peace in the house, I dub myself a Republican till that moment when I enter the voting booth. Then I become an individual who votes as his common-sense directs.

The influence of woman in politics is no inconsiderable matter. The great statesman may flatter himself that his greatness is due to his oratorical powers; but his destiny is often decided at the breakfast table. Why four-fifths of the women lean toward Republicanism is something no mere historian can analyze.

In my town politics had an evil odor. For six years a Democrat had been mayor, and for six years the town had been plundered. For six years the Republicans had striven, with might and main, to regain the power . . . and the right to plunder. It did not matter which party ruled, graft (let us omit the quotation marks) was the tocsin. The citizens were robbed, openly or covertly, according to the policy of the party in office. There was no independent paper in town; so, from one month's end to the other it was leaded editorial vituperation. Then Caliban revolted. An independent party was about to be formed.

The two bosses, however, were equal to the occasion. They immediately hustled around and secured as candidates for the mayoralty two prominent young men whose honesty and integrity were unimpeachable. Caliban, as is his habit, sheathed his sword and went back to his bench, his desk or whatever his occupation was.

On the Republican side they nominated a rich young club man. Now, as you will readily agree, it is always written large on the political banner that a man who is rich has no incentive to become a grafter. The public is ever willing to trust its funds to a millionaire. The Democrats, with equal cunning, brought forward a brilliant young attorney, whose income was rather moderate but whose ability and promise were great. The Democratic organs hailed his nomination with delight.

"We want one of the people to represent us, not one of the privileged class." You see, there happened to be no rich young Democrat available.

These two candidates were close personal friends. They had been chums from boyhood and had been graduated from the same college. They belonged to the same clubs, and were acknowledged to be the best horsemen in town. As to social prominence, neither had any advantage over the other, save in the eyes of matrons who possessed marriageable (and extravagant)—daughters. Willard, the Republican nominee, was a handsome chap, liberal-minded and generous-hearted, without a personal enemy in the world. I recollect only one fault; he loved the world a little too well. The opposition organs, during the heat of the campaign, dropped vague hints regarding dinners to singers and actresses and large stakes in poker games. Newcomb, his opponent, was not handsome, but he had a fine, clean-cut, manly face, an intrepid eye, a resolute mouth, and a tremendous ambition. He lived well within his income, the highest recommendation that may be paid to a young man of these days.

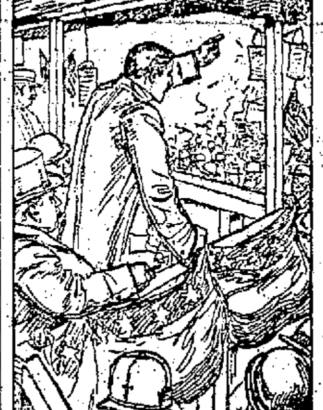
He threw himself into the fight with all the ardor of which his nature was capable; whereas Williard was content to let the machine direct his movements. The truth is, Williard was indifferent whether he became mayor or not. To him the conflict was a diversion, a new fish to Lucullus; and when the Democratic organs wrote scathing editorials about what they termed his profligate career, he would laugh and exhibit the articles at the club. It was all a huge joke. He made very few speeches, and at no time could he be forced into the foreign districts. He complained that his olfactory nerve was too delicately educated. The leaders swallowed their rancor; there was nothing else for them to do. In Williard's very lack of ambition lay his strength. Poverty would have made a great man out of him; but riches have a peculiar way of numbing the appreciation of the greater and simpler things in life.

Newcomb went everywhere; the Poles hurrahed for him, the Germans, the Irish, the Huns and the Italians. And he made no promises which he did not honestly intend to fulfil. To him the fight meant everything; it meant fame and honor, a comfortable addition to his income, and Washington as a finality. He would purify the Democrats while he annihilated the pretensions of the Republicans. He was what historians call an active dreamer, a man who dreams and then goes forth to accomplish things. His personality was engaging.

Besides all this (for the secret must be told) Newcomb was in love and wished to have all those things to lay at the feet of his beloved, even if she returned them. You will regularly find it to be true that the single man is far more ambitious than his married brother. The latter invariably turns over the contract to his wife.

Williard was deeply in love, too, with Senator Gordon's lovely daughter, and Senator Gordon was that mysterious power which directed the Republican forces in his section of the state. So you may readily believe that Newcomb was forced to put up a better fight than Williard, who stood high in Senator Gordon's favor. The girl and the two young men had been friends since childhood, and nobody knew whether she cared for either of them in the way they desired. Everybody in town, who was anybody, understood the situation; and everybody felt confident that Williard was most likely to win. The girl never said anything, even to her intimate friends; but when the subject was brought up, she smiled in a way that dismissed it.

Such was the political situation at the beginning of the municipal campaign. There have been like situations in any number of cities which boast of one hundred thousand inhabitants or more; perhaps in your town, and yours, and yours. That bugaboo of the politician, reform, brings around this phenomenon about once in every eight years. For a while the wicked ones promise to be good, and you will admit that that helps.



To Him the Fight Meant Everything.

It was amusing to follow the newspapers. They vilified each other, ripped to shreds the character of each candidate, recalled boyhood escapades and magnified them into frightful crimes, and declared in turn that the opposition boss should land in the penitentiary if it took all the type in the composing rooms to do it. What always strikes me as odd is that, laughter-loving people that we are, nobody laughs during these foolish periods. Instead, everybody goes about, straining his conscience and warping his common-sense into believing these flimsy campaign lies, these outrageous political roorbacks.

When Williard and Newcomb met at the club, at the Saturday-night luncheons, they avoided each other tactfully, each secretly longing to grasp the other's hand and say: "Don't believe a word of it, old boy; it's all tommyrot." But policy held them at arm's length. What would the voters *say if they heard* that their respective candidates were hobnobbing at a private club? Newcomb played billiards in the basement while Williard played a rubber at whist upstairs; and the Saturday rides out to the country club became obsolete. Only a few cynics saw the droll side of the situation; and they were confident that when the election was over the friendship would be renewed all the more strongly for the tension.

One night, some weeks before the election, Williard dined alone with the senator at the Gordon home. Betty Gordon was dining elsewhere. With the cognac and cigars, the senator drew out a slip of paper, scrutinized it for a space, then handed it to his protege.

"That's the slate. How do you like it?"

Williard ran his glance up and down the columns. Once he frowned.

"What's the matter?" asked the senator, shrewdly.

"I do not like the idea of Matthews for commissioner of public works. He's a blackleg—there's no getting around that. He practically runs that faro-bank above his downtown saloon. Can't you put some one else in his place?"

The senator flipped the ash from the end of his cigar.

"Honestly, my boy, I agree with your objections, but the word is given, and if we turn him down now, your friend Newcomb will stand a pretty fair show of being the next mayor."

"You might get a worse one," Williard laughed. "Jack is one of the finest fellows in the world," loyally.

"Not a bit of doubt; but politically," said the senator, laughing, "he is a rascal, a man without a particle of character, and all that. But personally speaking, I would that this town had more like him. Win or lose, he will always be welcome in this house. But this Matthews matter; you will have to swallow him or be swallowed."

"He's a rascal."

"Perhaps he is. Once you are elected, however, you can force him out and be hanged to him. Just now it would be extremely dangerous. My boy, politics has strange bed-fellows, as the saying goes. Those men are necessary; to fight them is to cut your own throat. No one knows just how they get their power; but one morning you will wake up and find them menacing you, and you have to placate them and toss them sops."

"I might at least have been consulted."

"I appreciated your antagonism beforehand. Politics is a peculiar business. A man must form about himself a shell as thick as a turtle's, or his feelings are going to be hurt. Now, if you would like to change any of those smaller offices, the health department doesn't matter. What do you say?"

"Oh, if Matthews remains on the slate, I do not care to alter the rest of it. But I warn you that I shall get rid of him at the earliest opportunity."

"Just as you like."

The senator smiled covertly. Matthews was one of his henchmen in the larger matters of state. His name had been the first to appear on the slate and the senator was determined that it should remain there. Not that he had any liking for the man; simply he was one of the wheels which made the machine run smoothly. The senator knew his power of persuasion; he knew Williard's easy-going nature; but he also knew that these easy-going persons are terribly stubborn at times. He was obliged to hold on to Matthews. The gubernatorial campaign was looming up for the ensuing year, and the senator was curious to learn the real power that went with the seal of a governor of a first-class state.

There fell an intermission to the conversation. Williard smoked thoughtfully. He recalled the years during which he had accepted the generous hospitality of this house, and the love he held for the host's daughter. Only since his return from abroad had he learned the strength of his sentiment. Heretofore he had looked upon the girl as a sister, jolly, talented, a fine dancer, a daring rider, a good comrade. He had been out of the country for three years. On his return he had found Betty Gordon a beautiful woman, and he had silently surrendered. As yet he had said nothing, but he knew that she knew. Yet he always saw the shadow of Newcomb, old Jack Newcomb. Well, let the best man win!

"I can find a way to dispose of Matthews," he said, finally.

"I dare say."

But Williard did not know the tenacity with which some men cling to office. The senator did.

Here the servant ushered in two lieutenants of the senator's. One was an ex-consul and the other was the surveyor of customs, who was not supposed to dabble in local politics.

"Everything is agreeable to Mr. Williard," the senator answered in reply to the questioning look of his subordinates. "He vows, however, that he will shake Matthews as soon as he can get the chance."

The new arrivals laughed.

"We'll put you through, young man," said the ex-consul; "and one of these fine days we shall send you to France. That's the place for a man of your wit and wealth."

Williard smiled and lighted a fresh cigar. He did possess the reputation of being a clever wit, and in his secret heart he would much prefer a consulate or a secretaryship at the French embassy. He thoroughly detested this indiscriminate hand-shaking which went with local politics.

But Matthews stuck in his gorge, and he wondered if Newcomb was going through any like ordeal, and if Newcomb would submit so readily. . . . Why the deuce didn't Betty return? It was almost nine o'clock.

Presently her sunny countenance appeared in the doorway, and Williard dropped his cigar joyfully and rose. It was worth all the politics in the world!

"Gentlemen, you will excuse me," he said.

"Go along!" the senator cried, jovially. "We can spare you."

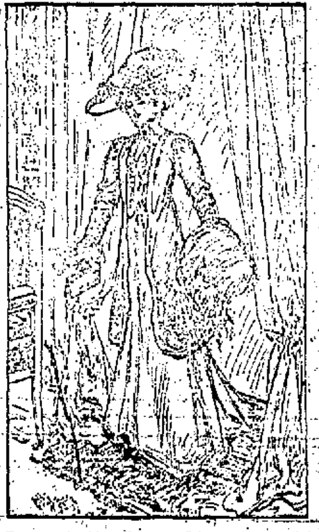
As indeed they very well could!

In a minute Williard was in the music-room.

"I really do not know that I ought to shake hands with you, Dick," began Betty, tossing her hat on the piano. "You have deceived me for years!"

"Deceived you! What do you mean?" mightily disturbed.

"Wait a moment." She brought forth a paper. "Sit down in front of me. This is going to be a court of inquiry, and your sins shall be passed in review." He obeyed meekly. "Now listen," the girl went on, mischief in her eyes, "this paper says horrid things about you. It claims that you have given riotous dinners to actresses and comic-opera singers. I classify them because I do not think comic-opera singers are actresses."



Presently Her Sunny Countenance Appeared in the Doorway.

"Rot!" said Williard, crossing his legs and eyeing with pleasure the contours of her face. "Jolly rot!"

"You mustn't say 'jolly' in this country; it's English, and they'll be accusing you of it."

"Well, bally rot; how will that go?"

"That isn't very pretty, but it will pass. Now to proceed. They say that your private life is profligate."

"Oh, come now, Betty!" laughing diffidently.

"They say that you gamble at poker and win and lose huge sums."

"Your father plays poker in Washington; I've seen him."

"He's not on trial; you are. Furthermore," went on the girl, the twinkle going from her eye, leaving it searching yet unfathomable, "this editor says that you are only a dummy in this game of politics, and that once you are mayor, your signature will be all that will be required of you. That is to say, you will be nothing but a puppet in the hands of the men who brought about your election."

Williard thought of Matthews, and the smile on his lips died.

"Now, Dick, this paper says that it seeks only the truth of things, and admits that you possess certain engaging qualities. What am I to believe?"

"Betty, you know very well that they'll have me robbing widows before election." He was growing restless. He felt that this trial wasn't all play. "If you don't mind, I'd rather talk of something else. Politics, politics, morning, noon and night until my ears ache!"

"Or burn," suggested the girl. "The things they say about your private life—I don't care for them. I know they are not truths. But the word 'puppet' annoys me." She laid aside the paper.

"Have I ever acted like a dummy, Betty? In justice to me, have I?" He was serious.

"Not in ordinary things."

"No one has ever heard that I broke a promise."

"No."

"Or that I was cowardly."

"No, no!"

"Well, if I am elected, I shall fool certain persons. I am easy-going; I confess to that impeachment; but I have never been crossed successfully."

"They'll know how to accomplish their ends without crossing you. That's a part of the politician's business."

"If I am elected, I'll study ways and means. Hang it, I wasn't running after office. They said they needed me. As a property owner I had to surrender. I am not a hyocrite; I never was. I can't go honestly among the lower classes and tell them that I like them, shake their grimy hands, hobnob with them at caucuses and in gloomy halls. I am not a politician; my father was not before me; it isn't in my blood. Newcomb's grandfather was a war governor; mine was a planter in the south. Now, Newcomb has ambition enough to carry him to the presidency; and I hope he'll get it some day, and make an ambassador out of me. Sometimes I wish I wasn't rich, so that I might enjoy life as some persons do. To have something to fight for constantly! I am spoiled."

He wheeled his chair toward the fire and rested his elbows on his knees.

"He's very handsome," thought the girl; but she sighed.

II.

That same evening Newcomb and McDermott, the Democratic leader, met by appointment in McDermott's law offices. McDermott was a wealthy steel-manufacturer who had held various state and national offices. As a business man his policy was absolute honesty. He gave liberal wages, met his men personally, and adjusted their differences. There were as many Republicans as Democrats in his employ. Politics never entered the shop. Every dollar in his business had been honestly earned. He was a born leader, kindly, humorous, intelligent. But once he put on his silk hat and frock coat, a metamorphosis, strange and incomprehensible, took place. He became altogether a different man; cold, purposeful, determined, bitter, tumbling over obstacles without heart or conscience, using all means to gain his devious ends; scheming, plotting, undermining this man or elevating that, a politician in every sense of the word; cunning, astute, long-headed, far-seeing. He was not suave like his old enemy, the senator; he was blunt because he knew the fullness of his powers. But for all his bluntness, he was, when need said must, a diplomat of no mean order. If he brought about a shady election, he had the courage to stand by what he had done. He was respected and detested alike.

The present incumbent in the city hall was no longer of use to him. He was wise enough to see that harm to his power would come about in case the reform movement got headway; he might even be dethroned. So his general's eye had lighted on Newcomb, as the senator's had lighted on Williard; only he had mistaken his man, whereas the senator had not.

"My boy," he began, "I'm going to lecture you."

"Go ahead," said Newcomb. "I know what the trouble is. I crossed out Mr. Murphy's name from the list you fixed up for my inspection."

"And his name must go back," smiling. "We can't afford to turn him down at this late day."

"I can," said the protege, imperturbably and firmly.

For a moment their glances met and clashed.

"You must always remember the welfare of the party," gently.

"And the people," supplemented the admonished one.

"Of course," with thin lips. "But Murphy's name must stand. We depend upon the eighth ward to elect you, and Murphy holds it in his palm. Your friend Williard will be forced to accept Matthews for the same reason. It's a game of chess, but a great game."

"Matthews? I don't believe it. Williard would not speak to him on the street, let alone put him on the ticket."

"Wait and see."

"He's a blackleg, a gambler, worse than Murphy."

"And what is your grievance against Murphy? He has always served the party well."

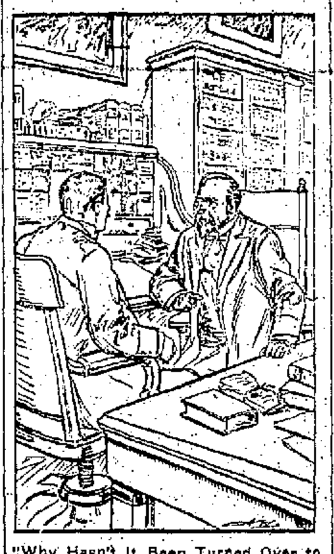
"Not to speak of Mr. Murphy."

"What has he done?"

"He has sold his vote three times in the common council. He sold it once for $1,500 in that last pavement deal. I have been rather observant. Let him remain alderman; I cannot see my way clear to appoint him to a position in the city hall."

McDermott's eyes narrowed. "Your accusations are grave. If Murphy learns, he may make you prove it."

Newcomb remained silent for a few minutes, his face in thoughtful repose; then having decided to pursue a certain course, he reached into a *pigeon-hole* of his desk and selected a paper which he gave to McDermott. The latter studied the paper carefully. From the paper his glance traveled to the face of the young man opposite him. He wondered why he hadn't taken more particular notice of the cleft chin and the blue-gray eyes. Had he made a mistake? Was the young fellow's honesty greater than his ambition? McDermott returned the paper without comment.



"Why Hasn't It Been Turned Over to the District Attorney?"

"Is that proof enough?" Newcomb asked, a bit of raillery in his tones.

"You should have told me of this long ago."

"I hadn't the remotest idea that Murphy's name would turn up. You can very well understand that I cannot consider this man's name as an appointee."

"Why hasn't it been turned over to the district attorney?"

"The plaintiff is a patient man. He left it to me. It is a good sword, and I may have to hold it over Mr. Murphy's neck."

McDermott smiled.

"The Democratic party in this county needs a strong tonic in the nature of a clean bill. I want my appointees men of high standing; I want them honest; I want them not for what they have done, but what they may do."

McDermott smiled again. "I have made a mistake in not coming to you earlier. There is a great future for a man of your kidney, Newcomb. You have a genuine talent for politics. You possess something that only a dozen men in a hundred thousand possess, a tone. Words are *empty* things unless they are backed by a tone. Tone holds the auditor, convinces him, directs him if by chance he is wavering. You are a born orator. Miller retires from congress next year. His usefulness in Washington has passed. How would you like to succeed him?"

Insidious honey! Newcomb looked out of the window. Washington! A seat among the Seats of the Mighty! A torchlight procession was passing through the street below, and the noise of the fife and drum rose. The world's applause; the beating of hands; the yells of triumph, the laudation of the press—the world holds no greater thrill than this. Art and literature stand pale beside it. But a worm gnawed at the heart of this rose, a canker ate into the laurel. Newcomb turned. He was by no means guileless.

"When I accepted this nomination, I did so because I believed that the party was in danger, and that, if elected, I might benefit the people. I have remained silent; I have spoken but little of my plans; I have made few promises. Mr. McDermott, I am determined, first and foremost, to be mayor in all the meaning of the word. I refuse to be a figurehead. I have crossed out Murphy's name because he is a dishonest citizen. Yes, I am ambitious; but I would forego Washington rather than reach it by shaking Murphy's hand." The blood of the old war-governor tingled in his veins at that moment.

"It must be replaced," quietly.

"In face of that document?"

"In spite of it."

"I refuse!"

"Listen to reason, my boy; you are young, and you have to learn that in politics there's always a bitter pill with the sweet. To elect you I have given my word to Murphy that he shall have the office."

"You may send Mr. Murphy to me," said Newcomb curtly. "I'll take all the blame."

"This is final?"

"It is. And I am surprised that you should request this of me."

"He will defeat you."

"So be it."

McDermott was exceedingly angry, but he could not help admiring the young man's resoluteness and direct honesty.

"You are making a fatal mistake. I shall make an enemy of the man, and I shall not be able to help you. I have a great deal at stake. If we lose the eighth, we lose everything, and for years to come."

"Perhaps. One dishonest step leads to another, and if I should sanction this man, I should not hesitate at greater dishonesty. My honesty is my bread and butter . . . and my conscience."

"Corporations have no souls; politics has no conscience. Williard . . ."

"My name is Newcomb," abruptly. "In a matter of this kind I cannot permit myself to be subjected to comparisons. You brought about my present position in municipal affairs."

"We had need of you, and still need you," confessed the other reluctantly. "The party needs new blood."

"You are a clever man, Mr. McDermott; you are a leader; let me appeal to your better judgment. Murphy is a blackguard, and he would be in any party, in any country. In forcing him on me, you rob me of my self-respect."

McDermott shrugged. "In this case he is a necessary evil. The success of the party depends upon his good will. Listen. Will you find, in all this wide land, a ruling municipality that is incorrupt? Is there not a fly in the ointment whichever way you look? Is not dishonesty fought with dishonesty; isn't it corruption against corruption? Do you believe for a minute that you can bring about this revolution? No, my lad; no. This is a workaday world; Utopia is dreamland. You can easily keep your eye on this man. If he makes a dishonest move, you can find it in your power to remove him effectually. But I swear to you that he is absolutely necessary."

"Well, I will assume the risk of his displeasure."

"Show him your document, and tell him that if he leaves you in the lurch at the polls, you'll send him to prison. That's the only way out." McDermott thought he saw light.

"Make a blackmailer of myself? Hardly."

"I am sorry." McDermott rose. "You are digging a pit for a very bright future."

"Politically, perhaps."

"If you are defeated, there is no possible method of sending you to Washington in Miller's place. You must have popularity to back you. I have observed that you are a very ambitious young man."

"Not so ambitious as to obscure my sense of right."

"I like your pluck, my boy, though it stands in your own light. I'll do all I can to pacify Murphy. Good night and good luck to you." And McDermott made his departure.

Newcomb remained motionless in his chair, studying the night. So much for his dreams! He knew what Mc-

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Novelty Restaurant.
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A Bad Mixup.

"Say," remarked one government clerk to another, "I'm up against it good and proper."

"What's the trouble?" queried g. c. No. 2.

"I got two medical certificates from two different doctors yesterday," explained the party of the first part. "One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to be sent to my chief with a petition for two weeks' leave of absence."

"Oh, that's nothing," rejoined his fellow clerk; "I've done that myself."

"Yes," continued the other, "but I mixed the certificates in mailing. The ill health certificate went to the insurance company and the certificate of good health went to my chief. See?"—Chicago News.

A Threatening Comet.

M. Camille Flammarion, the great scientist, after many years of study, arrived at the conclusion that the world will in the twenty-fifth century come across the path of the comet Bella. On this occasion a collision will take place, and, Bella being infinitely greater than the earth, a shock may be expected which, he calculates, will be 865 times greater than the shock caused by the collision between two trains, each traveling at sixty-five miles an hour.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias and Testatum Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1909,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the township of Wetmore, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, part of warrant No. 2261 of sub-division No. 882, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post on the south side of the West-Kane public road one hundred three and one-half feet southwesterly from the northeast corner of Oliver Alden lot; thence south twenty-five minutes east on a line parallel with the east line of said lot four hundred ninety-two and three-tenths feet to a post; thence south eighty-nine degrees and thirty-five minutes west fifty-one and seven-tenths feet to a post; thence north twenty-five minutes west four hundred eighty-eight and one-half feet to the West-Kane road; thence along said road north eighty-five degrees and twenty minutes east fifty-one and seven-tenths feet to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-five thousand one hundred eight square feet of land, be the same more or less and being part of block No. 32 as per plan of blocks surveyed by M. J. Hill in 1901.

Improved and having thereon erected one dwelling house and barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John G. Dibley, at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz, Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorneys.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the borough of Kane, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of lot No. 67 of the Merrill for Holmes lands in sub-division No. 882, of warrant No. 3210, and further described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north line of Poplar street and Elk avenue, said point marking the south-east corner of lot No. 67; thence west along said north line of Poplar street sixty-five feet to a post; thence north one hundred forty feet to a post; thence east sixty-five feet to a post; thence south one hundred forty feet to the place of beginning. Containing nine thousand one hundred square feet of land, more or less. Being the same premises which Hermann Nordahl, et ux., by their deed dated June 2, 1900, sold to Oscar Nelson, said deed being recorded in deed book 112, page 81, and being also the same premises which Oscar Nelson, by his deed dated Nov. 4, 1901, sold to Olivia Nelson, his wife, as by reference to deed book Vol. 120, page 48 &c., the same more fully and at large appears.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame building with the usual and customary outbuildings pertaining thereto.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Olivia Nelson and Oscar Nelson, at the suit of State Capital Savings and Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

J. W. Swartz, Thos. J. Dolphin, plaintiff's attorneys.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Annin, county and state aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of lands of Manville Tuttle; thence north 79 perches to a post corner; thence east 25.5 rods to a post corner; thence south 76 rods to a post corner in the north line of lands of George W. Taylor lot No. 250; thence west by the north line of lot Nos. 250, 247 and 248, 25.5 rods to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred acres strict measure be the same more or less, and being part of a warrant in the name of John Keating. EXCEPTING and reserving the right of way heretofore conveyed to the Tidewater Pipe Company. Also excepting and reserving at all times unto said first party all of the oil, gas and mineral rights with the right to enter at all times upon the said premises for the purpose of mining, drilling or boring for said minerals, oil and gas. It is further agreed by and between said parties that if gas is found in paying quantities the said second parties shall have gas for one house.

Improved and having thereon one dwelling house, one shop, one log barn, one frame barn, sugar bush, and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George B. Schoonover and Fred Schoonover, at the suit of Gilbert Moody.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point the northeast corner of Johnston and Hilton streets; thence easterly along Johnston street, seventy-five (75) feet to a point; thence northerly parallel with Hilton street thirty (30) feet to a point; thence westerly parallel with Johnston street seventy-five feet (75) to a point, in the line of said Hilton street; thence southerly along Hilton street, thirty (30) feet to the place of beginning, and being the whole of lot No. 306 and five (5) feet from off the southerly side of lot No. 307, of J. W. Hilton's Addition to Bradford, as per survey of L. Gorton, surveyor. Excepting and reserving all the oil and mineral rights and subject to the lease of Rovaird & Hensel.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and one one-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Exeter Woodard, executor of the last will and testament of Samuel Ames, deceased, George Brown, guardian of Leon E. Ames and Granville Ames, minor children of Samuel Ames, deceased, Arthur L. Ames and C. Edward Ames, at the suit of C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Brown & Schoonmaker, plaintiffs' attorneys.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that certain messuage or piece of land situate in the borough of Kane, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east line of Fraley street one hundred and fifty-five feet south of the southeast corner of Pine avenue and Fraley street; thence on the east line of Fraley street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) south fifty feet (50) to a post; thence parallel with Pine avenue, east one hundred and forty feet (140) to a post; thence parallel with Fraley street, north fifty feet (50); thence by the south line of an alley, parallel with Pine avenue, west one hundred and forty feet (140) to the place of beginning, as surveyed by T. L. Kane, containing seven thousand square feet (7000) more or less. Having erected thereon a frame dwelling and a frame barn. Being a part of warrant number 3210 and being the same piece or parcel of land which Elizabeth D. Kane, by her deed bearing date the first day of July, 1901, recorded in the office of the recorder of deeds of the said McKean county, in deed [illegible] tract being dated August first, A. D. 1901.

It being understood that said contract has been surrendered to the said Sadie A. Zeller and that the said Emily Anna DeLong has conveyed her interest in this property to the said G. W. Young by quit claim deed bearing date Feb. 3, 1908. Being the same premises conveyed by Sadie A. Zeller and Mark N. Zeller, her husband, to G. W. Young by deed dated February 3rd, 1908, and intended to be recorded.

Improved and having erected thereon a frame dwelling house and a frame barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of G. W. Young, at the suit of Ridgway Building and Loan Association.

F. D. Ely, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the city of Bradford, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, beginning at an iron pin one hundred (100) feet south from the southeast corner of Washington street and Bennett street; thence running southerly parallel with said Bennett street thirty-one (31) feet, more or less, to northwest corner of Thomas Conners; thence running easterly, parallel with said north line of said Thomas Conners' lands, one hundred (100) feet to lands of Elizabeth Schneider; thence running northerly twenty-nine (29) feet more or less to lands of N. Bulton; thence running westerly parallel with lands of said N. Bulton and Wm. McVeigh one hundred (100) feet to place of beginning or said iron pin and being the same property conveyed to Callie J. Guthrie by Mrs. Alice Allen and husband by deed dated April 3rd, 1901, recorded in the recorder's office in and for said county of McKean in deed book Vol. 114, page 517.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual out buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles T. Evans, administrator of the estate of Callie J. Guthrie, deceased, Elisha W. Guthrie, her husband, and Wayne J. Guthrie, Howard Guthrie now Howard Green, Carl Guthrie now Carl Rote, Dora Estella Guthrie now Dora Estella Dunn and Millard Guthrie now Millard Johnson, minor children and heirs at law of Callie J. Guthrie, deceased and James George, guardian ad litem of Carl Guthrie now Carl Rote, Dora Estella Guthrie now Dora Estella Dunn, minor children of Callie J. Guthrie, deceased, at the suit of Willis H. Powers and Bertha A. Matson, executors of the last will and testament of Myron Matson, deceased.

M. L. Willis, plaintiffs' attorney.

7.

Defendants' interest in all that piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in Port Allegany borough, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at iron pin distant north 45 degrees west 35 feet from an iron pin in the centre of Grace avenue and Kathryne street; thence south 69 degrees west eight and one-half rods to the east line of an alley; thence north 21 degrees west eight and one-half rods to an iron pin; thence north 69 degrees east eight and one-half rods to an iron pin in the west line of Kathryne street; thence along the west line of said street south twenty-one degrees east eight and one-half rods to the place of beginning. Containing seventy-two and one-fourth square rods, be the same more or less, and further described as being lots Nos. 7 and 8 in block No. 9 in Benton's addition to the borough of Port Allegany.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and one frame barn.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. C. Maxham, Chauncey Maxham, Lettie E. Yunghans, Fred W. Maxham and Ida A. Manning, at the suit of Mrs. H. A. Cornell for use of Nora B. Trowst.

C. W. Catlin, plaintiff's attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel of land known and designated as lot number four (4) according to a certain map entitled "Map of Building Lots of McDougall Avery & Co. in Bradford, McKean County, Pa. 1892, L. Gorton, Surveyor," which map is to be recorded in the recorder's office of McKean county, said lot fronting on the north side of Chautauqua Place in the city of Bradford, and having a frontage on said street of twenty-five feet, and being a portion of the land devised to Emma Beam by her late husband, Isaiah Beam, by will dated the 26th day of February, 1893, and duly probated and recorded in the office of the register of wills for McKean county; said lot having been conveyed to said Isaiah Beam by Charles E. Hequembourg by deed dated April 1st, 1890, and recorded in the recorder's office of said county of McKean, in deed book volume 4, at page 539, etc., and being the same property devised to Eleanor W. English by her grandmother, the said Emma Beam, by will dated the 9th day of March 1898, and duly probated and recorded in the office of the register of wills of said McKean county, and from the said Eleanor W. English inherited by the mortgagor herein, as the sole heir of the said Eleanor W. English, she having died intestate.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Adelaide L. English, at the suit of Mary C. Seeley also suit of W. H. Duncan.

R. B. Stone, plaintiffs' attorney.

9.

Defendant's interest in all the merchantable timber on the tract of land situate in McKean county, Pennsylvania, containing two hundred twenty-five (225) acres, more or less, known and designated as lot number ninety-four (94) of warrant number 2943 in the township of Hamilton; together with the right of ingress into, upon and from the said lands for the term of seven years from the date hereof for the purpose of cutting and removing said timber therefrom and together with all other rights that may be necessary and proper for cutting and removing said timber therefrom, including the right to use any and all roads found on said lands and to construct and to use such other roads as may be deemed necessary by the said party of the second part."

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Neil Patterson, L. J. Holmes, R. J. Gates, and Neil Patterson, L. J. Holmes and R. J. Gates, trading as Kinzua Chemical Company, at the suit of Warren Savings Bank.

C. W. Stone, plaintiff's attorney.

10.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcel or tracts of land situate, lying and being in the Townships of Ceres and Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning in the center of the Oswayo Creek at the southwest corner of a lot conveyed by John King to John James King, thence south 159 rods to the center of the public road, thence by said road south 85½ degrees east 101 rods, thence north 85½ degrees east 86.2 rods to the center of Mill Creek, thence north 87 rods to the center of Oswayo Creek, thence down the same by the several courses and distances to the place of beginning. Containing 93 acres and 114 rods.

Also beginning at a post in the center of the public road, thence by said road east 20 rods to the northeast corner of the Burial ground, thence south 22 rods, thence east 10 rods, thence north 22 rods, to the center of the aforementioned road, thence by said road east 53 rods, thence south five-tenths of a rod to the center of the road as continued, thence by said road north 65½ degrees east 47 rods to the center of the cross road, thence by said cross road south 1½ degrees west 50.2 rods to the north line of W. J. Hornblower lot, thence west 48 rods to the northwest corner of said Hornblower lot, thence south 60.2 rods by the center of said road, thence by said road south 77 degrees west 83.2 rods, thence south 80 degrees west 40.6 rods to a post on a crook in the road, thence west 13.7 rods, thence north 167.5 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 103 acres and 10 rods. Reserving therefrom and thereout about ten acres heretofore conveyed to Leander McDonald. Ceres Township.

Improved and having thereon 2 frame houses 2 frame barns, usual out buildings and 1 orchard.

Also the undivided one-half of all petroleum and gas in or under the following described lot.

Beginning at a post the N. W. corner of Jas. H. Welch lot thence south 174.2 rods east 76 rods south 174.2 rods west 26 rods, containing 82.7 acres. Eldred Township.

Also All of the petroleum, oil and gas in or under the following described lots: Beginning at southwest corner of 950 acre tract, thence north 53.3 rods, east 157 rods, north 20 rods, east 76 rods, south 75.8 rods, west 22.7 rods to beginning. Containing 88.5 acres.

Also beginning at N. W. corner of 25 acre lot heretofore conveyed to Levi Adams, thence west 44 rods, north 85 rods, east 76.8 rods, north 60 rods, east 131.6 rods, south 81.5 rods, west 104.4 rods, north 69.5 rods to beginning. Containing 57 acres. The oil and gas right of 8.9 acres of last above described lot was afterward conveyed. Eldred Township.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Arthur B. Mann, Administrator of Wm. K. King, dec'd, at the suit of Arthur B. Mann, for use of W. A. Stevens.

11.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post of a lot sold and deeded to Cooper & Peabody by Connor and Lobaugh and recorded in the Recorder's office at Smethport, McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book "G" of deeds, page 446. Commencing at a birch tree on the north line of said lot thirty-three (33) rods east of the northwest corner of said lot; thence east by said line 77 5-10 rods to a stone in the center of Bells [illegible] of beginning. Containing 56 100 acres of land more or less. Excepting and reserving about ¼ acres of S. E. corner sold to Wm. Bly, known as the Cheese Factory lot.

Partially improved, having thereon one frame barn and a few fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Jesse B. Bosworth, at the suit of use of U. M. Ford.

V. B. Bouton, plaintiff's attorney.

12.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of Mitchell A. Rogerson lot on the south side of Jackson avenue, City of Bradford, by deed dated November 20th, 1903; thence south 81 degrees east on the line of said Rogerson lot one hundred feet to a post and corner in the back line of lots; thence northeasterly on the back line of lots and the line of Louis D. Merrill lot twenty-eight and two-tenths feet more or less to the dividing line between the Brambly lot and the Joe DeLong lot formerly so called; thence northerly on the said division line one hundred and two and four-tenths feet to a corner on Jackson avenue; thence in a southwesterly direction on the line of Jackson avenue fifty feet to the place of beginning, and being part of lot sold to Loyal Ward by Frank A. Newell by deed date as appears of record.

Improved and having thereon one two story, frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of G. Sidney Williams, at the suit of Mary E. Van Wormer, now Mary E. Van Wormer Spahr, Assignee of the estate of Loyal Ward.

James George, D. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorneys.

13.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Lafayette, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the northwest corner of lot number sixty-three of the Minard Run tract, running thence south along the west line of said lot six hundred feet; thence east on a line parallel with the north line of said lot one thousand feet; thence north on a line parallel to the west line six hundred feet to the north line of said lot; and, thence west along the said north line one thousand feet to the place of beginning. Being a part of lot number sixty-three (63) of said Minard Run Tract. Together with the Brick Works, fixtures and appurtenances thereon and thereunto belonging. Excepting and reserving all the oil and gas in, under and upon the land above described as reserved in deed for said premises to said F. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis. It is agreed that second parties shall have the exclusive right of spring for water as now used, with the right to lay and maintain pipe to same for the enjoyment thereof.

Improved and having thereon one large brick building used for the manufacture of pressed brick; with necessary machinery and appliances, wood storage sheds, eight kilns, pit equipments and property used in the manufacture of brick.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. B. Broughton and C. A. Davis with notice to John P. Melvin, Trustee in Bankruptcy, at the suit of O. F. Schonblom, Assignee of C. A. Davis.

James George, plaintiff's attorney.

14.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Subdivision No. 885 of Warrant 3210 in the Borough of Kane (formerly Wetmore township,) County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post in the southwest corner of Elk avenue and Poplar street, being nine hundred and seventy feet west of the east line and twenty-five feet south of the north line of said subdivision, running thence along the west side of Elk avenue south, twenty-eight perches to the northeast corner of a lot of land sold to O. D. Coleman; thence along the line of O. D. Coleman's lot west thirty-five perches; thence north nine perches; thence south seventy-eight degrees west, five and one-tenth perches; thence north twenty perches to Poplar street; thence along Poplar street east forty perches to the place of beginning. Containing six acres and one hundred seventeen and one-half square perches of land more or less. Being same tract of land conveyed to Rose Walker by R. Coulton Davis, et al., by deed dated August 7th, 1876, and recorded in Book W, page 38, Recorder's office, McKean County, Pa. Excepting out of this grant a tract of land conveyed to William J. Lawrence on November 24, 1905, described as follows: Beginning at a point in the west line of Elk avenue two hundred (200) feet south of the southwest corner of Elk avenue and Poplar street; thence north along the said west line of Elk avenue two hundred (200) feet to the southwest corner of Elk avenue and Poplar street; thence west along the south line of said Poplar street six hundred sixty-eight and two tenths (668.2) feet, more or less, to the east line of lands of White Rock Land Company; thence south along said east line of lands of White Rock Land Company three hundred twenty-nine and four tenths (329.4) feet to the north line of land of Mary Geary; thence north eighty-seven degrees east along the north side of a small spring run eighty-five and one-third (85 1-3) feet; thence south along the east line of land now of Mary Geary one hundred forty-nine and twentieths (149.2) feet; thence east along the north line of land now of Mary Geary three hundred eighty-nine and three-tenths (389.3) feet to the southwest corner of lot of land on which the residence of the party of the first part is now situate; thence north along the west line of lots Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of George W. Welker, as the same are laid out on a plan or plot of said premises prepared by M. J. Dill, surveyor, two hundred sixty-three and seven-tenths (263.7) feet; thence east along the north line of said lot No. 3 of said George W. Welker, on said plan or plot, one hundred ninety-five and two-tenths (195.2) feet to the place of beginning; being lots Nos. 4 to 26, both inclusive, on said plan or plot of said premises prepared by M. J. Dill, surveyor, and the unopened streets and alleys on said plan or plot.

Improved and having thereon two two-story frame dwelling houses and one one and one-half story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George Welker at the suit of Levi McGregor.

Chas. G. Hubbard, plaintiff's attorney.

15.

Defendant's interest in all the undivided one-half (½) interest in and to that certain lot of land situate in Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north line of Main street, the southeast corner of lot No. 51; running thence northerly along the east line of said lot No. 51, ninety (90) feet; thence westerly and parallel with said Main street, thirty-nine (39) feet; thence southerly, and parallel with the first mentioned line, ninety (90) feet to the north line of said Main street and thence easterly along the said north line of Main street, thirty-nine (39) feet to the place of beginning. Being this same land conveyed to the said George C. Fagnan and Frank Gaeser, by E. O. Osgood and wife, by deeds dated March 14th, 1901, and January 15th, 1904, and recorded in Deed Book Vols. 114, page 341, and Vol. 117, page 485, &c., respectively. Also hereby conveying a right of way in common with the said E. O. Osgood over and across a strip of land ten (10) feet wide, adjoining and on the north of the lands hereby conveyed.

Improved and having thereon one three story brick building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Elizabeth Fagnan, Executrix of Geo. C. Fagnan, deceased, et al., at the suit of Carrie E. Brown, Guardian, now for use of Catherine Tough.

John A. Fitzgibbon, plaintiff's attorney.

16.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land lying, being and situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron pin in the center of South Main street, the northwest corner of lot No. 14; thence south sixty-seven degrees and fifty-five minutes east sixty-six (66) feet; thence north twenty-two degrees and five minutes east, one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet; thence north sixty-seven degrees and fifty-five minutes west sixty-six (66) feet to an iron pin; thence south twenty-two degrees and five minutes west one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet to the place of beginning, and being lot No. 14 of Davis Addition to Port Allegany.

Improved and having thereon a two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. W. Sandberg, alias E. W. Sanberg, and Ella M. Sandberg at the suit of Mrs. J. Frank Tyler.

P. L. Tyler, plaintiff's attorney.

17.

Defendant's interest in all those certain two pieces and parcels of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: First:—All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the Village of Kane in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania on the east side of Fraley street, described as Lot No. 2, otherwise numbered seventy (70) of block four (4) and further described as the second lot, numbering from the lot of Robert Lafferty, north, being the middle lot between Robert Lafferty's lot and the lot on the said Block Four (4) at the intersection of Fraley street and Greeves street; measuring in front on Fraley street forty (40) feet and in depth one hundred (100.)

Second:—All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210 on Fraley street in the said borough, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the east side of said street marking the northwest corner of land heretofore conveyed to Neil McEwen et al Trustees; thence by the east side of said street thirty (30) feet from the center thereof, north twenty-three and eight-tenths (23 8-10) feet; thence perpendicular thereto east one hundred [illegible] (2380) square feet more or less.

Being the same premises conveyed to Neil McEwen, Robert Campbell, Charles Everson, Austin Wegley, John Buckelwand, J. D. Barnes, Trustees, by William Biddle and Thomas L. Kane, Trustees by Deed dated October 4th, 1881, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book "U," pages 463 & 464, and to O. R. Lay, Robert Campbell, R. M. Campbell, M. W. Moffit, R. J. James, O. W. Campbell and W. J. Armstrong, Trustees by Evan O'N. Kane, by Deed dated December 3, 1880, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Penn'a, in Deed Book No. 138, page 160, &c. And to the Methodist Episcopal Church of Kane, Pennsylvania, by Elizabeth D. Kane, by Deed dated July 7th, 1905, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, Pa., Deed Book, Vol. 164, page 107, &c., and by the Methodist Episcopal Church of Kane, Pennsylvania, to Willard Park Merrell, by Deed dated May 28, one thousand nine hundred and six, recorded May 29, 1906, in Deed Book 157, page 431.

Improved and having erected thereon one three story brick building.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Willard Park Merrell at the suit of A. A. Clearwater.

A. P. Huey, plaintiff's attorney.

18.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels or lots of land situate, lying and being in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

1st Parcel: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Annin, County and state aforesaid, BEGINNING at a post the northeast corner of land contracted to Nelson Rine, lot No. 248, thence east 100.5 rods to a post, the northwest corner of lot No. 250 contracted to George W. Taylor; thence south 79 rods to a post the northeast corner of lot No. 249; thence west 100.5 rods to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 232 contracted to J. K. Stull; thence north 79 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 50 acres of land strict measure be the same more or less, and being lot No. 247 of the Keating & Company allotment of lands in Annin Township and part of Warrant No. 1893, and being the same land conveyed to said Frank A. Rockwell by Benjamin Taylor et ux., by deed dated Nov. 20th, A. D. 1890, and recorded in McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 113 at page 425, reference thereto being hereby had.

Improved and having thereon one frame dwelling house, one large frame barn and usual farm buildings and good orchard.

2nd Parcel: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in said Annin Township at the Village of Turtle Point, being part of Warrant No. [illegible], and described as follows, to wit: BEGINNING at a post standing in the east line of lands of the Pennsylvania Railway Company and south 13 degrees 30 minutes east 13 rods from the southeast conveyed to Charles Taylor, thence north 76 degrees 30 minutes east 5.8 rods to a post corner; thence south 75 degrees east 3.4 rods to a post corner; thence south 75 degrees east 13.2 feet to a post corner; thence north 33 degrees east 3 rods to a post corner; thence south 88 degrees east 6.6 rods to a post corner; thence south 46 degrees 30 minutes west 15.5 rods to a post corner, it being the northwest corner of the Jerome Robinson lot and in the line of the Pennsylvania Railway Company's lands; thence by the line of said railway, lands north 53 degrees 30 minutes west 8.8 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 109.6 square rods of land strict measure be the same more or less, and being the same land conveyed to said F. A. Rockwell by John E. Case et ux. by deed dated March 24th, A. D. 1892, and recorded in said McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 115, at page 312, reference thereto being hereby had.

Improved and having thereon two dwelling houses, one barn and usual out buildings.

3d Parcel: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in Keating Township, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post in the center of the public road leading from Smethport to Turtle Point where said highway crosses the east line of lot now or formerly of Jerome Stull, thence south along said east line 53 rods to the northwest corner of lands sold to Manville Tuttle; thence east along said Tuttle's line 5 rods to a post corner; thence south along the east line of said Tuttle lot 20 rods to a post corner; in the north line of said Tuttle lands; thence east along said Tuttle's north line 28 rods to a post corner; thence north 20 rods to a post corner; thence west 26 rods to post corner; thence north 15 rods and 10 links to a post corner; thence west 8 rods to a post corner; thence north 31 rods and 6 links to a post corner; thence west two rods to the place of beginning. Containing 4 acres of land strict measure be the same more or less, and being the same land conveyed to said Frank A. Rockwell by O. A. Graves by deed dated February 24th, A. D. 1892, and recorded in said McKean County in Deed Book, Vol. No. 99, at page 301, reference thereto being hereby had.

Improved and having thereon an orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. A. Rockwell at the suit of Elizabeth Campbell, use of Wm. A. Hulett, and others.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiffs' attorneys.

19.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Hamlin Township, in the County of McKean and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, it being thirty and seven-tenths acres of land in Warrant No. 2601 and being the same land conveyed to John N. Apple by George C. Fagnan, Treasurer of McKean County, by Deed dated June 11th, 1894, and registered in Book "C," page 302, of Deeds acknowledged in open Court.

Also, all that certain piece, parcel and tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. Bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post corner in the west line of Warrant No. 2604 the southwest corner of lands of the said Norman H. Warfle; thence east along south line thereof forty-two and six-tenths rods to a post the northwest corner of lands of Monroe Robinson thence south along the west line thereof twenty-one and one (21.1) rods to the right of way of the Mt. Jewett and Smethport Railroad; thence south sixty degrees west, thirty-six and four-tenths (36.4) rods; thence south 75 degrees west eleven and three-tenths (11.3) rods to a post at the intersection of said right of way with the west line of said Warrant No. 2601; thence north along said Warrant line forty-one and two-tenths (41.2) rods to the place of beginning. Containing nine and two-tenths acres be the same more or less. And being part of Warrant No. 2601 and part of same premises conveyed to the said Elizabeth Stark by Cora A. Richards & husband by deed bearing date March thirty-first, 1898, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 88, page 279, of McKean County Records.

Also, all that certain tract or piece of land located near Hazelhurst in Hamlin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, being part of W. 2688. Beginning at a post, said post being the northeast corner of B. F. Hazelton's land and the northwest corner of Benson Warfle land, thence first along lands owned by Ira Warfle north one hundred and forty-six and seventenths (146.7) rods to post; thence second along lands owned by Ira Warfle, east fifty-four and six-tenths (54.6) rods to a post; said post being in the east line of Warrant 2688 on the west line of Warrant 2604; thence third along said Warrant line south one hundred and forty-six and seven-tenths (146.7) rods to a post thence fourth along lands owned by Benson Warfle west fifty-four and six-tenths (54.6) rods to a post the place of beginning. Containing 50 acres more or less. And being the same land conveyed to Henry Hamlin by Thomas L. Kane and wife by Deed dated May 25, 1879, and recorded March 10, 1880, in Deed Book No. 4, pages 415, &c. Excepting 49 132-100 acres that was deeded to William Fields by deed dated May 9, 1881. Reserving nevertheless unto the parties of the first part their heirs, executors, or administrators and assigns in fee and undivided one-eighth (⅛) part or royalty of all oil or petroleum and gas, lying and being in or under the said tract of land hereby conveyed or that may be discovered in said tract of land or any time hereafter.

Saving excepting and reserving such part or portions of the foregoing described Real Estate as may have been heretofore conveyed by Norman H. Warfle inter alia.

(a) By deed to George Reinard for 1¼ acres, dated April 2, 1897, recorded in deed book No. 94, page 190, &c.

(b) By deed to Ira Warfle for three-fourths of an acre, dated June 20, 1898, recorded in deed book 100, page 475.

(c) By deed to H. L. Stoner for one acre dated February 15, 1898, recorded in deed book Vol. 100, page 552.

(d) By deed to Clara J. Housler for ½ acre, dated Nov. 9, 1898, recorded in deed book 105, page 101.

(e) By deed to Hannah Housler for ¼ acre, dated Apr. 7th, 1899, recorded in deed book 105 at page 102.

(f) By deed to Winnie Brewer for one-half acre, dated June 2, 1899, recorded in deed book 105 at page 466.

(g) By deed to Hannah Housler for 12,000 sq. ft. of land, dated June 2, 1899, recorded in deed book 106 at page 77.

(h) By deed to E. F. Nies for one acre, dated Apr. 17, 1899, recorded in deed book 106, page 462.

(i) By deed to American Window Glass Company for ¾ of an acre, dated Aug. 3, 1900, recorded in deed book 111 at page 468.

(j) By deed to Winnie Brewer for 48,360 sq. ft. of land, dated Aug. 2, 1900, recorded in deed book 111, page 587.

(k) By deed to Hannah Housler for sq. ft., dated June 7th, 1901, recorded in deed book 115 at page 432.

Subject also to lease if now in force made to A. G. Phillips, recorded in deed book 102, page 189, and subject to right of way granted to P., S. & N. R. R. Co.

Improved and having thereon 1 barn, 2 frame houses, usual out buildings, 1 orchard, 1 spring of water, about thirty acres improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of [illegible] at the suit of [illegible] Bank & Trust Co.

F. D. Gallup, plaintiff's attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., May 20, 1909.

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